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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

AS THE MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF FREEMASONS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

LOSS and gain, ebb and flow—such is the law of life. The Empire fervently laments the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, whose name will be revered for her many splendid qualities of head and heart so long as history shall continue to be written, but the Empire is the richer by reason of the high standard and the noble example she has set for her successors. And if there is one thing more than another which the British race, even in the midst of its mourning, is confident of at this time, it is that in her son, so long honoured as the Prince of Wales, so long esteemed as the first of English gentlemen, she has left behind her one who will not only occupy but adorn the Throne.

His Majesty, who assumed the title of Edward the Seventh at his first Council, held on Wednesday, Jan. 23, at St. James's Palace, inherits something infinitely more precious than the Crown and Sceptre of the mightiest monarchy of the world. He enters upon a magnificent heritage of loyalty such as has never fallen to the lot of any other Sovereign, and long may His Majesty live to enjoy it! His illustrious father, Albert the Good, endeared himself to the people of these Islands by his love for their Queen and his whole-hearted devotion to the public welfare. Queen Victoria has left to their son the Throne far stronger than it was when she ascended it. Truly it is "broad-based" upon the will and affections of every liege-man, and it is no wonder, therefore, that His Majesty is receiving the congratulations of all nations and peoples and tongues.

From his childhood onwards, "the Prince," as he was affectionately called, has been universally and deservedly popular. Kind and generous, amiable and sympathetic, absolutely without affectation, yet dignified, gifted with unfailing tact, able in administration, energetic, and, at the same time, methodical in affairs, a true friend, a keen sportsman, His Majesty has stood as the best type of the English gentleman.

His Majesty's early training was carefully supervised by the Queen and the Prince Consort, by whom he was placed under thoroughly competent tutors. His father, Prince Albert, conceived that it was proper for the Heir-Apparent to be given a thorough but diversified education, and to this end His Majesty became a student first at Edinburgh, where he was a pupil of Lord Playfair's, next at Oxford, where he was entered at Christ Church, and then at Cambridge, at Trinity College. As a lad, His Majesty travelled and saw the great world, in walking tours in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany, and also shared in some of the visits of ceremony made by his Royal parents to Paris and elsewhere. Under the guidance of the Duke of Newcastle, he visited Canada and the United States, where he received an enthusiastic welcome. As a soldier, he served in the Army at the Curragh.

It was on one of his tours abroad that the King met his future wife, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, though her father at the time was not Sovereign of that country. In 1863, when the bridegroom was in his twenty-second year, the marriage took place amid national rejoicing, and it is not too much to say that it has been a subject of national rejoicing ever since. From the moment the beautiful Princess, "the Sea-King's daughter," landed upon our shores, she took all hearts captive, and "our Princess" has held them willing captives during the years which have passed. Her grace and beauty, the sweetness of her disposition, the charming simplicity of her character, the catholicity of her gentle sympathy with the distressed and the suffering, which made us love her as Princess of Wales, will, we rest assured, cause us to love her more and more as Queen Alexandra. Nor will Her Majesty, as gracious as beloved, fail to follow in her Court the high traditions upheld by Queen Victoria.

His Majesty's union with Queen Alexandra has, in addition to his own personal qualities, added materially to his hold upon the Empire. How great that hold is was manifested abundantly at the close of 1871, when for several weeks the nation hung in anxious suspense, almost despair, over His Majesty's sick-bed. On the announcement of his recovery, expression was everywhere given to the most unbounded joy and gladness, while the Thanksgiving at St. Paul's, with which his escape from death was celebrated, was a national demonstration surpassed only by the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897.

In 1875, His Majesty undertook a tour of the highest political importance. With Sir Bartle Frere as his guide, he visited India, where he met the native Princes, by whom he was received with all homage and reverence as the son of the "Great White Queen," the Empress of India. Undoubtedly this visit did much to consolidate the power of the British *raj* in the East.

Since those days, His Majesty and his Consort have been increasingly active in every public work, in all manner of beneficent and charitable effort. As Most Worshipful Grand Master of British Freemasons (appointed 1875), he has been foremost in good works designed for the benefit of the less fortunate members of the Brotherhood. Both the King and Queen are the Patron or Patroness of all the chief English charities, and have given ungrudgingly a great deal of time and trouble in support of them. What His Majesty did for the "Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund," and what Her Majesty has achieved for such funds as her much-cherished "Soldiers and Sailors Fund," redound to their credit.

No Sovereign ever ascended a throne with warmer wishes from his people for a great and glorious reign.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

THE CLUBMAN.

Her late Majesty and the Army—The Royal Badges and Arms—The King and the Rulers of Europe.

THAT Her Majesty the late Queen should have expressed in writing a wish that her funeral should be a military one was very natural, for the connection between the Sovereign and the Services, Naval and Military, has always been of the closest, and Her Majesty, as the head of an Army which was devoted to her, found one of the keenest pleasures of her life in the inspection of her land forces. The burden of age in her latter years prevented her from visiting Aldershot and commanding reviews on a large scale; but when it was possible to parade at Windsor any battalion of the Guards about to go on foreign or active service, or any detachment of Household Cavalry under similar orders, it was done by Her Majesty's orders. Smaller bodies of troops passing near any residence at which the late Queen might be staying were often surprised at receiving a command to parade before her. The Highlanders who formed the Guard of Honour at Ballater knew that an eye as critical as that of any General would note the smartness of their turn-out, and time and time again, when a review had been concluded, the troops marching home would find that somewhere on the road to camp or barracks Her Majesty had ordered her carriage to come to a stand-still, in order that she might once again see the regiments pass.

The messages which Her Majesty sent to her Army, her sympathy with the wounded, her visits to Netley, and her New Year's gift of chocolate to her men in South Africa, seemed to bring the Queen, as a sympathising woman, very close to the private soldier. Fine words count for little with Thomas Atkins; but that, if he was wounded, the Queen would interest herself as to the progress he made, that in hospital she might speak some words to him, that a personal gift might come from her to him—this meant that he was not mere food for powder, to be used and thrown away. I have heard the men talking at their camp-fires of their Sovereign, and it was always with a gentleness and with an affection that the rough-and-ready soldier, who scorns the exhibition of emotion, shows but rarely.

Her Majesty had a quick eye not only for her own troops, but for those of other nations as well. When the late Queen took up her residence on the Riviera, a crack regiment of French troops formed the Guard of Honour, and the officers and men felt highly complimented by the appreciative message which was always conveyed to them. Driving along the Riviera roads, Her Majesty would often meet one of the Alpine battalions, a corps of hardy mountaineers, on the march. The battalion would always halt, and, being "fronted," present arms to the Queen, who directed her coachman to drive at a foot-pace in order that she might see the men individually.

One of the marks of the close connection of the Sovereign with the Army is the extent to which the Royal Cypher is used in the ornamentation of weapons, colours, clothing, and accoutrements. The senior Service, the Navy, will have to make but few changes. "H.M." stands for His Majesty as well as Her Majesty, and the anchor is the universal emblem and badge. In the Army, all the First Colours, now King's Colours, carry the "V.R." and it is to be found on bits and breast-plates, on buttons and sword-hilts and sabretaches, which will all have to be gradually renewed. The flags of honour which the Guards regiments carry are personal gifts from the Sovereign, and, if precedent is followed, those presented by her late Majesty will be no longer used, but placed in honourable places of safe keeping, and the King, on his Coronation, will present his Household regiments with others.

The Royal Cypher must, of necessity, be changed, but His Majesty need not, and probably will not, change the Royal Arms. Those he bore as Prince of Wales were "surcharged" with the Arms of Saxony, besides, of course, bearing his "label" as eldest son; but as a change from the Royal Arms borne during the last reign would necessitate a vast amount of re-chiselling and re-painting, and as the King is the sole arbiter in this matter, it is likely that he will save many of his subjects from a considerable expense.

Whether the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has a distinguishing cockade, I do not know; but should there be one, I hope that the King will order his servants to wear it in place of the sombre black cockade of the House of Hanover which now decks the hats of the servants of such people as are entitled to the honour and of many who are not.

Her Majesty the late Queen was on the most cordial terms with all the Sovereigns of Europe, and the same may be said of his present Majesty. At the Coronation of the Czar, it was noticeable what dependence he placed on the then Prince of Wales. If ever there was a cloud between His Majesty and the Kaiser, that has now absolutely passed away, and uncle and nephew are on most affectionate terms. The Parisians really view the King with greater favour than any Royal Prince who has ever been in their midst, and have even a greater personal liking for him than for the head of the "allied nation" whom they never tire of toasting. It was at one of the *Figaro's* wonderful musical afternoons that a witty Frenchwoman—Madame Judic, if my memory does not play me false—said to his present Majesty, "Your Royal Highness, you should be the Prince des Gaules, and not the Prince de Galles"; to which the Prince laughingly replied that the French changed their rulers too often.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PHOTOGRAPHED AS A DOCTOR OF MUSIC
DURING HER LAST VISIT TO IRELAND, IN 1885, BY CHANCELLOR AND SONS, DUBLIN.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Death of Queen Victoria—When the News Reached London—The World in Mourning—A Hurried Proclamation—King Edward VII.—A Good Sportsman—Why not the Police?—In the Streets of London.

THIS has been a week of mourning, and even now it is almost impossible to realise the enormous changes which have taken place between Sunday and Sunday. It was really on the Sunday before last that "The Man in the Street" grasped the fact that the Queen was seriously ill, for, though in Saturday's morning papers there was an announcement that the Queen was not in her usual health, it was only in Saturday's evening papers, or, for most of us, in Sunday's paper, that we saw how serious the case was. And then on Tuesday evening the bad news came that all was over, and that the great Queen who to most of us seems always to have reigned in England had passed away.

The first news that "The Man in the Street" got of the sad event was by the rush of the paper-boys along the Strand with special editions soon after seven. It had been expected all the afternoon after the bulletin published a few hours before, which said that the Queen was sinking. To show how sound is swallowed up in the general roar of London, I never heard a sound of "Big Paul," although he was tolling soon after seven and I was not far off. A little later, I rode on a 'bus from Ludgate Circus to Piccadilly Circus, and as we passed each church we could hear the bell tolling, but as soon as we had gone even a few yards the sound was lost in the London roar. But what struck me most was the silence of the theatres and music-halls. Every one of them was shut, and on the doors were great black placards with "Closed" on them. The streets were full of silent crowds. There was a sort of stunned feeling all over the centre of London that evening.

It was remarkable how spontaneously everyone went into mourning on the Wednesday for the Good Queen, and, as the day wore on, the number of black ties and black hat-bands steadily increased, till on Thursday it was rare to see anyone in colours, and black coats and black dresses were almost universal. It needed no request from the Earl Marshal to remind "The Man in the Street" to put himself into mourning. I did not see the King (how strange the title sounds even now!) when he came to London on Wednesday, for "The Man in the Street" has his living to gain indoors, like other people, and very few of us saw anything of the Proclamation on Thursday. The papers were quite out of it in saying that the troops began to line the streets about eight o'clock, for they were on the route soon after five, and some of them had been entrained at four. The shadow of "C.I.V." Day still seemed to be with the police authorities, for not only were the streets lined with soldiers, but the ceremony was put forward

an hour, so that when the King was proclaimed at Temple Bar there were only a few hundred people looking on. By the time people had gathered in any number, all that there was to be seen was the return procession of the Trumpeters and Escort of the Horse Guards. I saw that, but I was much disappointed at not seeing Rouge Dragon in his war-paint.

I heard a funny thing in the crowd. After the last of the procession had gone by, an old woman said, "Well, that settles one thing. The German Emperor ain't coming to King here!" I suppose she had a sort of idea that the Emperor, as the eldest son of the Queen's eldest daughter, might, by some legal quibble, have been put on the Throne,

and so she was relieved that, after all, the most popular Prince of Wales England has ever known had come to his own. Of the personal popularity of the new King there can be no doubt. Everybody knows what a difficult task he had as Heir to the Throne, and how wonderfully hard he had to work at his public duties, and yet never to obtrude himself or to look like pushing the Queen aside. For this, consummate tact was needed, and, as it is the greatest quality of a modern Constitutional Sovereign, we may be sure that the King will, as he promised, follow in the footsteps of his mother. We all recognise His Majesty as a good sportsman, one who has won the Derby, raced a splendid yacht, and is a first-rate shot. It is, perhaps, hard on him that he should follow a Sovereign so good, so great, and so universally beloved as Queen Victoria; but we know that he has great experience and great tact, and look forward with perfect confidence to a glorious reign.

I wonder why the constables of the Police Force are not allowed to wear crape on their left arms as a sign of mourning for the Queen. I hear that only the Superintendents, Inspectors, and Sergeants are to wear it. This seems very hard on the policemen, who will thus be the only decent men in London who have no sign of the national sorrow about them! I hope that, if this has been decided upon, the authorities will see

their way to let all the police share in the nation's expression of grief. Considering the arduous nature of their duties, this is only their due.

Nearly all the shops in the great thoroughfares have put up black shutters, and, in some cases, crape has been draped across the windows. Romano has hung a handsome festoon of black cloth fringed with silver from each storey, and farther up in the West-End there are signs that, in a day or two from the time of writing, the fronts of some of the great shops will be worthy of the occasion. The gutter-merchants have given up their usual wares, and are selling portraits and biographies of Queen Victoria by the hundred. Nearly every 'busman and cabman has a crape bow on his whip, and all the porters on the railway lines have been given black bands to wear on the left arm. Truly, we are a nation in mourning!



GROUP OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

— "Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

QUEEN VICTORIA AND TENNYSON.

After Wordsworth's death, on April 23, 1850, there were many names mentioned for the vacant Laureateship, such as Leigh Hunt, Dr. Charles Mackay, and "Barry Cornwall," as well as Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning. Samuel Rogers was approached, but declined on account of his age. The Queen knew the early work of Tennyson well, and had been much impressed with the idyllic beauty of "The Miller's Daughter," and Prince Albert had a profound admiration for "In Memoriam," and his letter, written long after the appointment, on the "Idylls of the King" is well known. Tennyson had a dream, the night before the appointment was offered to him, that Prince Albert had come and kissed his cheek. It was doubtful at first if Tennyson would accept, for he said: "I have no great passion for Courts, but a great love of privacy. It is, I believe, scarce a hundred pounds a-year, and my friend R. M. Milnes tells me the price of the patent and Court-dress will swallow up all the first year's income." When he had the offer, he wrote two letters, one accepting and the other refusing, and for a time he was undecided which to send. He used to say: "I accepted the honour because during dinner Venables told me that, if I became Poet Laureate, I should always, when I dined out, be offered the liver-wing of a fowl." He was presented to the Queen at the Buckingham



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Photographed by T. F. Langhans during the Prince's visit to Marienbad.

It became known after his death that the Queen at one time wished to bestow some titular distinction upon him.

Palace Levée on March 6, 1851. He wore Rogers's Court-dress, which had been borrowed for the occasion, and this was the same suit that Wordsworth had also worn on his installation.

THE QUEEN AND CHARLES DICKENS.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* once gave a sketch of the Queen's taste in literature, from which we learn that Heine was amongst her favourites, and that Thackeray and Dickens seemed to rank even below Edna Lyall. Her favourite poets were Shakspere, Walter Scott, Tennyson, and Adelaide Procter. Her favourite novelists were all women—Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Craik, George Eliot, and Edna Lyall. Amongst German authors, Schiller, Goethe, and Heine stood first with her. At her request, Charles Dickens attended at Buckingham Palace on April 9, 1870. Arthur Helps, Clerk to the Privy Council, introduced Dickens to Her Majesty. The interview lasted for some time, during which the Queen expressed her admiration of his works, and she presented him at parting with a copy of "Our Life in the Highlands," with the autograph inscription, "Victoria R., to Charles Dickens." In return, Dickens sent an edition of his collected works, which the Queen placed in her private library.



"GOD SAVE THE KING!" PROCLAMATION OF HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE ON THURSDAY, JAN. 24.

Lord Roberts and the Headquarters Staff of the Army, a brilliant cavalcade, attended to witness this impressive ceremony.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR BENJAMIN STONE, M.P., PUBLISHED BY THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO, REGENT STREET, W.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



THE QUEEN LISTENING TO A DESPATCH FROM "THE FRONT."

Size, 27 in. by 38 in.

The above is a small reproduction from the half-guinea photogravure published by *The Illustrated London News*. There are now no artist's proofs left of this picture.

From the same office will shortly be issued a photogravure from Mr. Begg's painting, "The Queen in the Highlands," made by him last September at Balmoral. This will make a companion picture to "The Queen's Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace." The size will be 30 by 24 inches, including mount; price, 10s. 6d. each; artist's proofs, limited to 200, £1 1s. For illustrated list of other art plates, apply Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C.

THE GRAVES OF ENGLAND'S MONarchs.

Royal Graves at Westminster and Windsor, and French Burial-Places of English Kings.

AT a moment like the present, when everyone's thoughts are naturally inclined to the funeral of our late beloved Sovereign, a melancholy interest attaches to the subject of the last resting-places of Her Majesty's predecessors on the Throne of England.

QUEEN VICTORIA,

devoted to the memory of the Prince Consort, desired to be buried in the sarcophagus in which repose the remains of her revered husband in the Frogmore Mausoleum, which has for so many years been the scene of the infinitely pathetic commemorative service on the part of our Royal Family on each sad December anniversary. Accordingly, after the grand historic funeral, which, beginning next Friday with the conveyance of the Queen's coffin in the *Alberta* from Cowes through the long avenue of British and German Ironclads in the Solent to Portsmouth, and the solemn procession on Saturday from Victoria Station to Paddington, culminates with the Royal Service in St. George's Chapel in the afternoon, the remains of Her Majesty will find a last resting-place in the beautiful Chapel at Frogmore.

Of sixteen out of the six-and-thirty Kings and Queens who have reigned in this country since the accession of William I., Westminster Abbey has formed the burial-ground. The first of these was a Plantagenet, Henry III., who died in the year 1272. Three others of his race sleep in the same spot also—the first and second Edwards and the second Richard. Among the remaining monarchs

INTERRED IN THE HISTORIC ABBEY

are Henry V., Henry VII., Edward VI., Mary, and, lastly, that greatest of all the House of Tudor, Queen Elizabeth.

With the accession of the Stuarts, Westminster lost its distinction of being the burial-place of none but English monarchs, for four members of this House and one Hanoverian now came to be laid to rest there. These were, in order of their interment, James I., Charles II., William III., Anne, and George II. In several instances, the deaths of the Sovereigns who are buried in the Abbey took place at a considerable distance from London. Henry V., for instance, died at Vincennes,

ON FRENCH SOIL,

in 1422, while the death of Edward I. occurred at Burgh-on-Sands, 1307, and that of Richard II. at Pontefract, ninety-three years later.

AT WINDSOR

the number of buried Sovereigns is seven, the first being the unfortunate Henry VI., who was cruelly done to death in the Tower of London on June 20, 1471. The next King to be interred in this same place was Edward IV., in 1483. More than sixty years elapsed before another Royal funeral (that of Henry VIII.) took place at Windsor. A hundred and two years after this monarch's obsequies the vault containing his coffin was re-opened, for the purpose of receiving that of Charles I. The last three Sovereigns to be buried at Windsor were all Hanoverians—George III., George IV., and William IV.

In addition to Henry V. (whose death, as has been mentioned, occurred at Vincennes), five other Kings of England have

DIED IN FRANCE,

William the Conqueror, Henry I., Henry II., Richard I., and James II. Only one of these (Henry I.) was buried on English soil, William I. being interred at Caen, and Henry II. and Richard I. at Fontevrault. As will doubtless be remembered, the heart of the last-named was specially bequeathed by the gallant "Cœur de Lion" to the town of Rouen. The place of interment of James II. was Paris. The only other Sovereign who died abroad was George I., whose decease occurred at Osnabrück in 1727.

AT WINCHESTER

lie the remains of two of England's Kings, William II. and John. The first-named of these was killed while hunting in the New Forest, and the latter died at Newark.

Henry IV., the first monarch of the House of Lancaster, was

BURIED AT CANTERBURY.

A victim to epileptic seizures in the later years of his life, he died of an attack of this nature while transacting official business in the "Jerusalem Chamber" at Westminster. His sudden demise at this place was widely considered as the fulfilment of a prophecy that he would die at Jerusalem, to which town he had paid a visit in his younger days.

In the churchyard of Grey Friars, Leicester, lies the body of Richard III., the last of

THE NOBLE PLANTAGENET LINE.

A brave soldier, and one who died, crown on head, in the thick of battle, the indignities heaped upon his corpse before it received its sepulture reflect lasting disgrace upon all concerned. According to the historians of the period, it was actually exposed for two days prior to its interment.

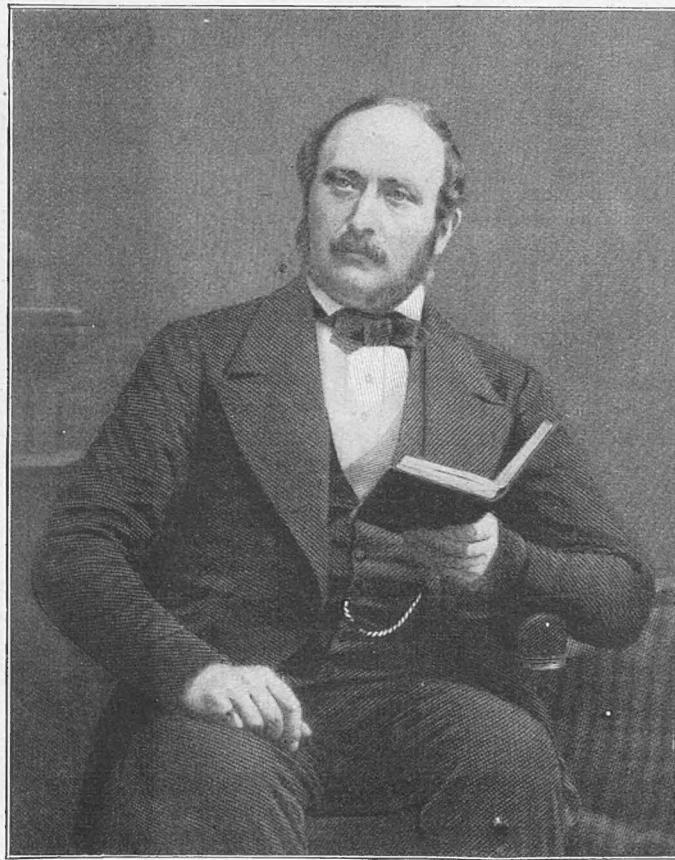
Mrs. E. T. Cook, the wife of the ex-Editor of the *Daily News*, is preparing a volume on London for Messrs. Macmillan's very successful "Highways and Byways" series.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

God Save the King! Those who had the privilege of witnessing the new Sovereign's arrival in his good city of London last Wednesday could not but be touched to the heart by the peculiarly sympathetic and affectionate nature of his reception. Fortunate indeed is the nation which, while weeping a departed Monarch, can yet greet with such heart-felt confidence and love its new Ruler. Paraphrasing a famous line, it may well be said that His Majesty has a thousand claims—aye, and far more than a thousand claims—to his people's affection and trust. Who among the exalted, with the one exception of his revered mother, has worked harder during the last forty years, and that, be it noted, while placed in a most difficult and delicate position? All that he whom many of us still think of as the "Prince of Wales" has achieved in the way of solid amelioration of the lot of all ranks and conditions of Englishmen and Englishwomen will probably never be known, for His Majesty was always one of those who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. None worthier to be Most Worshipful Grand Master of British Freemasons—the greatest and most liberal charitable brotherhood in the world!

solitary exception of the Lord Mayor of London, who, however, does not enjoy, excepting on this one unique, solemn occasion, the full rights appertaining to the great position of Privy Councillor. The successor of Dick Whittington has the right of attending the new Sovereign's first Privy Council, and remaining until he has heard the Proclamation read by the Monarch. Among His Majesty's new Privy Councillors there is scarcely one but is intimately known to King Edward. Included among the Privy Councillors of the new reign are the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Duke of Fife. Literature, as was the case in the last reign, is fully represented by Mr. John Morley, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Lecky, and Sir Herbert Maxwell.

Queen Victoria and her Knowledge of Languages. As is pretty well known, directly our great Queen became also Empress of India, she set to work, though no longer a young woman, to learn Hindostani, and attached the Munshi Abdul Karim to the Royal Household. But it is not so generally known that



H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT AT THE AGE OF FORTY-TWO.

From an Old Engraving.

Edward VII. It may be recalled that the last Edward who reigned over this realm ascended the Throne at a more youthful age than any other British Sovereign has ever done, before or since, while Edward VII. is at the present moment, with one exception—that of William IV.—older than were any of his predecessors at the time of their Accession. But the Seventh Edward looks many years younger than his real age, while his beautiful Queen is noted all the world over for her wonderful youthfulness of appearance. Edward is a thoroughly national name, and although the British Empire has only too much cause to love and revere the name of "Albert the Good," it will be universally felt that the King made a wise choice in carrying on the great and glorious line of Royal Edwards.

The King's First Privy Council. His Majesty's first Privy Council was held on Jan. 23, in the Banqueting Hall of St. James's Palace, and formed a striking contrast to the historic scene when the maiden Queen diffidently advanced to meet for the first time those who were to be her guides and advisers during the first half of her reign. The Sovereign's short extempore speech was, alike in feeling, in tone, and in delivery, very admirable, and the nation will respond to the trust expressed by our new Ruler that it would support him in the arduous duties which have now devolved upon him by inheritance, and to which, as he said, he was determined to devote his whole strength during the remainder of his life.

After the demise of a Sovereign, an interregnum, generally of only a few hours, takes place, in which there are no Privy Councillors with the



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

From a Painting by Sir George Hayter, R.A.

the Queen was also proficient in other tongues. German and French, of course, she knew, but few are aware that she was also acquainted with the Arabic, Greek, Russian, and Hebrew languages—I do not say perfectly, but certainly far better than nine hundred and ninety-nine of her subjects. I am also told that the Queen could read Dutch and Spanish, and that she applied herself to these languages after reading "Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic." If so, it is a curious fact that the man who declared war against her should fly to Holland just before her irreparable passing away. One other great Queen, Elizabeth, was also a proficient linguist.

The Queen as a Musician. As a musician the Queen was about the most appreciative judge of the voice to be found within her own realm, and her ear was so delicately framed that she became, as someone tersely put it, "the composer, when a concerted piece or song was being sung." Unfortunately, many of our most gifted singers have, through nervousness, when commanded to appear before Her Majesty, been somewhat out of register, not to say tune. The Queen, of course, never gave evidence of noticing the discrepancy between the vocalisation and the score, but she has never failed to note the fact, and she has been known, after a State Concert at Buckingham Palace, to request the singer to repeat the air on a subsequent occasion in private, for the purpose of ascertaining whether her ear or the vocalist's voice was at fault. In her domestic circle, Her Majesty delighted in the pleasant harmony afforded by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Miss Minnie Cochrane, and Miss Rutland, a talented violin-player, daughter of the organist of Trinity Church, Cowes.

Kensington Palace. As the birthplace and early home of the Sovereign whose loss hundreds of millions of people deplore, Kensington Palace, so recently thrown open to the public by a characteristically gracious act of Victoria, Queen and Empress, will become the Mecca of loyal Anglo-Saxons from all quarters of the globe and an object of deep interest and attraction to the world. Yet, in an elaborate "Picture of London," published when Her Majesty was more than seven years old, the quaint building was thus briefly mentioned: "Here is a range of apartments occupied by the Duke of Sussex. The late Duke of Kent was likewise at one period an occupant, and his widow and child are still resident here." Once more "the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

Queen Victoria's Rule of Life. Nowadays, when the laws of health are so much better understood than they were, it is interesting to consider those rules which made the Queen so physically and mentally healthy a woman during a life of which at least sixty years were spent in the arduous performance of public and private duties. The great Jenner laid down certain simple rules for the Sovereign's guidance. These may be summed up in a few brief words: "Live as much as possible in the open air. Get through as much of your heavy mental work in the morning as is possible. Take your meals at strictly regular intervals. Never work while the digestive operation is in process; and be most moderate in the use of tea, coffee, and alcohol"—while, to men, Jenner always added, "tobacco." Jenner was also a great believer in change, and this was the one thing which he could not ensure for his Royal patient. Of late years the Queen's greatest relaxations were her sojourns in the South of France.

The Queen and the Camera. The Queen was photographed many hundreds of times, but, curiously, few sun-pictures exist of Her Majesty and of her late husband, for the Prince Consort did not much care for the photographs or daguerreotypes of the 'forties and the 'fifties, and he much preferred sitting to a painter of mark. He was, however, taken in the June before his death, the photographer being the well-known veteran, Mr. H. N. King, whose admirable pictures have always been so much appreciated by the Royal Family. It was about this time also that Her Majesty and the Prince were taken together, the Queen (as will be seen in the print here reproduced) regarding her husband with a look of affection and



THE PRINCE CONSORT AND QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1860.

From an Old Engraving.

trust. Of late years, Her Majesty preferred to be taken in a group with some of her loved ones about her than alone. In 1848, Prince Albert took the lease of Balmoral Castle, and, with the Queen and the Royal children, much enjoyed the freedom and absence of restraint in which they could indulge. The Queen put off all State, ran in and out of the

house all day long, and visited the old women in the cottages unattended. The Royal children, too, took long rambles by themselves, and played with the other children on the estate.

A Romantic Sovereign.

It would probably surprise people to hear that the Queen was very romantic. Hence her deep interest not only in the love, joys, and sorrows of those dear to her, but also in the more striking and picturesque incidents of both War and Peace. Although our late Sovereign early made it a rule



QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.

From a Drawing by W. Drummond.

never to accept presents, save, of course, under very exceptional circumstances, from a subject, she could not resist making an exception in the case of those good people who have at various times dowered the Sovereign with personal relics of the ill-fated Stuarts. When any really authenticated souvenirs of "bonnie Prince Charlie" came into the market, among the bidders was invariably some trusted friend or servant of Queen Victoria.

Her Majesty as Sponsor.

With the single exception of the Empress Eugénie, no Royal lady living had so many god-children as had Queen Victoria, and during the last twelve months Her Majesty numbered among her new god-children many poor little orphans born after their soldier fathers' gallant deaths. Whenever a child was born to any member of the Royal Household, the Queen always graciously signified her intention of "standing" to the lucky infant; but not for many years did the Sovereign appear in person at the christenings—indeed, the Queen was present at comparatively few Royal baptisms, though she made a point of assisting at the touching little ceremony which took place shortly after the birth of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Claremont Chapel being the scene of the function.

The Queen was also present in person at the christening of Lady Alexandra Duff, who at the time of her birth stood considerably nearer the Throne than did the Sovereign when she first gladdened the eyes of the Duke of Kent. It need hardly be said that Her Majesty was also present in person, and, indeed, held the baby, at the christening of Prince Edward of York. The Queen's god-children belong to every rank and every clime, among her god-daughters being the daughters of her favourite dressers, among her god-sons several Indian Rajahs, as well as Prince Victor Duleep Singh. As to the number of Princesses who have the Queen as god-mother, there must be at least fifty, of whom the most important is the present German Empress, who, besides being the Sovereign's granddaughter by marriage, was also her great-niece.

The Queen as a Writer.

Her Majesty was for a long period the only Royal lady living who could write as well with her left hand as with her right. The Duchess of Kent had during the course of her life been intimately acquainted with two individuals who had only one arm, and she early determined that her children should be taught to write as well with the one hand as with the other. Accordingly, both the son and daughter by her first marriage, as well as her youngest child, were taught to do a variety of things with their left hand. The Queen sometimes said that it was owing to this fact that she owed her immunity from writer's cramp, for, though she, of course, always wrote with her right hand, when she felt it getting tired she was able to effect a change without a moment's hesitation.

During the last twenty years the Sovereign has dictated her letters, but, till a few weeks ago, there were certain of her correspondents, notably the Prince of Wales and the Empress Frederick, to whom she always wrote herself; the Royal notepaper having been now for upwards of thirty years white edged with black. The Queen, who wrote a clear, legible hand, was very fond of interlining any documents submitted to her, and rarely indeed was the Court Circular sent without a Royal emendation or addition. On the other hand, the Queen remained faithful to certain old-fashioned rules. She always declined to even glance at an official letter unless it was put before her unfolded and without a single crease, and every letter read by the Sovereign was always opened and glanced through beforehand, an exception being made only in the case of strictly family letters. It is a touching fact that the Queen's handwriting quite curiously resembled that of her husband.

A Good Story. The Queen was a very good speller, and nothing annoyed her more than to find the names of foreign Royal personages incorrectly or wrongly spelt. During one memorable time, of which the date will be familiar to my sporting readers, the late Sir Henry Ponsonby was deputed by his Royal mistress to draw the attention of the Foreign Office to the fact that the words "Czar" and "Cesarewitch" were frequently wrongly spelt. Her Majesty would probably have been surprised had she seen the way in which Sir Henry conveyed the message, namely, with the dry remark that, if the Foreign Office clerks could not spell the word "Czar" properly, they should go to Newmarket.

To Tea with the Queen. Her Majesty evinced the deepest interest in all those private individuals whose conduct had been marked by heroism, or who by circumstances were placed in positions of exceptional horror or difficulty. Many private individuals having no actual claim to such distinction owed to their having been the hero or heroine of some wonderful adventure the inestimable privilege of an hour face to face with their Sovereign. Grace Darling was, perhaps, the first woman so honoured; and what shows that the Queen was particularly moved by any tale of peril by sea is the fact that the last lady so honoured was Miss Bocker, the only woman saved from the awful wreck of the *Elbe*. Mrs. Grimwood, whose exciting adventures in India will be remembered, was also received, not only by the Queen, but by the Princess of Wales as well, and many an Army nurse must have been more than rewarded for all her arduous labours at home and abroad by the fact that she was personally received and thanked by Queen Victoria.

The Royal Children.

Perhaps the most touching feature in Her Majesty's home-life was the genuine and unostentatious affection that existed between all the members of the Royal Family. In glancing through Mr. Frith's "Reminiscences," I chanced upon the description of his experiences at Windsor when engaged on his picture of "The Prince of Wales's Wedding." Says the famous artist: "I don't think I ever was more surprised than I have

Duke of Connaught. — Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

The Kaiser.

The Prince of Wales.



Queen Victoria.

Empress Frederick.

AN INTERESTING ROYAL GROUP.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

been with the Royal Children: the most unaffected, genial, pleasant creatures, without the least pride of place about them." Later on, in a letter to his sister, Mr. Frith writes: "The Queen came to see me just before she left, and all the Princesses came to say good-bye. Little Princess Beatrice was most affectionate. . . . She showed me the present she had prepared for Lady Augusta Bruce"—who was on the point of marriage with Dean Stanley—"a little ring made of forget-me-nots in diamonds, of which she was very proud."

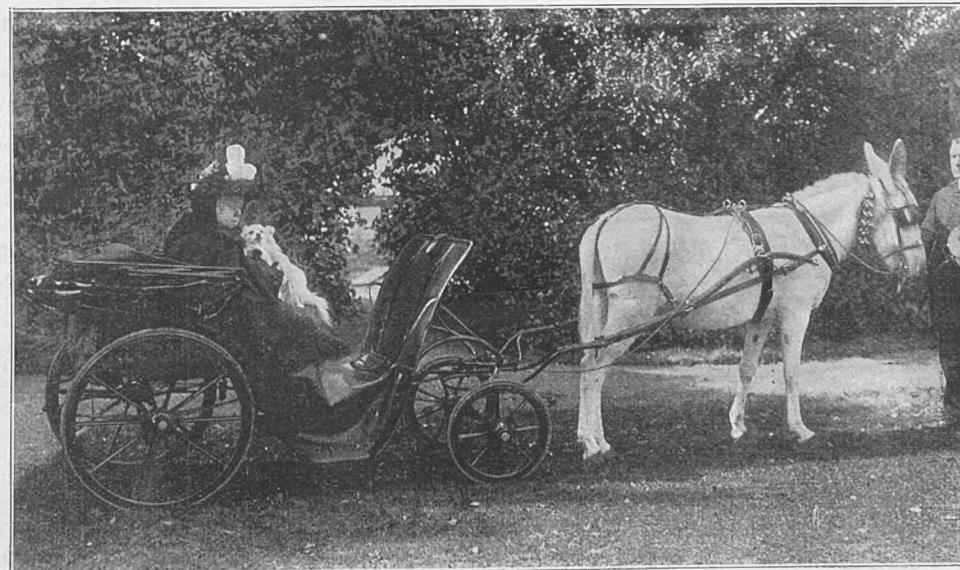
"We Think it Perfect."

Mr. Frith was not quite satisfied with his likeness of the Queen, which, though he considered it satisfactory, he feared would not be acceptable to the public. He thought it was, perhaps, too faithful, and, considering the pretty things people had become accustomed to, "not in the least flattering." He said as much to the Princess Helena, whose reply reassured him: "The public? Well, you may say to the public that Mamma's children are delighted with it, and 'beg you never to touch it again. We think it perfect."

Foreshadowed.

Some superstitions will be strengthened by the occurrence of a strange and ill-omened incident on the Queen's last departure from Windsor, the scene of her greatest affliction, from which, according to annual custom, she was fleeing to avoid the most painful associations of her troubled life. Delay most unusual and quite at variance with Her Majesty's habitual punctuality took place in the start, and, just before the Royal carriage came through the great gates, the crowds waiting to offer their loyal greetings were horrified to see a hearse passing down the hill from Henry the Eighth's Gateway. It was no dread phantom, but the conveyance bearing the body of the Usher of the Servants' Hall, Mr. Stokes, to whose widow the Queen had sent a message of sympathy; yet its appearance at that moment produced a weird and disquieting effect. When Her Majesty drove past, it was noticed that she and the Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who accompanied her, were attired in black. At the end of the journey, the Queen crossed the Solent for the last time under a dark and threatening sky, and on reaching Osborne Her Majesty showed signs of great depression and fatigue.

I understand, "under all reserves," that, while Osborne will probably pass to Princess Henry of Battenberg, Governor of the Isle of Wight, Balmoral Castle will most likely be for private sale, and that the Duke of Fife may become the possessor. Neither Osborne nor Balmoral is a paying estate.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER DONKEY-CARRIAGE.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

*The Queen and
Lighting
Arrangements.*

The Queen had a great objection to gas, and was very constant to the use of wax-candles and oil-lamps; but, nevertheless, long before she sanctioned the installation of electricity elsewhere, Her Majesty allowed Sir John Cowell to put up an apparatus at Osborne. This was installed on the east of the Palace, in a specially constructed



QUEEN VICTORIA, WITH HER FAVOURITE WALKING-STICK.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

little house, and caused great interest in the Royal circle. When Sir John, who was an enthusiast on the subject, declared everything to be ready, the electric-light house was visited by all those in residence. That same evening, everybody's watch went wrong, and nobody laughed so much as did the Queen when she knew the cause of the mistakes which necessarily followed. She is said to have observed to Sir John Cowell, "Your new light has done an extraordinary thing, Sir John. It has beaten Time."

*Why the Queen was
so Beloved.* I think the most touching answer which I have ever heard to a simple question was made by a little American girl, now in London. Her mother, who was crying—it was just when the dreadful news was confirmed—said to her daughter, "I am shedding tears, dear, because the Queen of England has passed away. Do you understand why?" "Yes," replied the little girl; "because she was the only Queen we ever knew."

*Edinburgh and the
Queen.* In no part of the Kingdom did the news of the death of the Queen strike home with a more overshadowing sense of personal loss than in Edinburgh, which she first visited in 1842, and afterwards recorded that "the impression made upon me by Edinburgh is very great." On hearing the news, the Lord Provost telegraphed a message of condolence to the Prince of Wales. The University, schools, and places of entertainment showed their sense of public loss by closing on the day after the announcement of the death. Much the same procedure was adopted in the Proclamation of the King as was gone through in 1837, when

Her Majesty ascended the Throne. There was a procession of local bodies to the Mercat Cross, High Street, where the Proclamation was made, and afterwards to the Castle Esplanade and to Holyrood Palace. The reason why the Proclamation is thus repeated is because the Castle and Holyrood are regarded as Royal residences. It is stated that, before leaving Balmoral for the last time, Her Majesty made several calls, and bade adieu to some of her most intimate acquaintances. She seemed greatly moved at parting, as if she had a presentiment that this would be her last visit to Balmoral. The Queen's annual railway journeys to and from Scotland cost alone £6000. The Great North of Scotland Railway stops short several miles from Balmoral, to which the Royal party had always to drive; it remains to be seen whether the King will sanction the wish often expressed to carry the line past Balmoral to Braemar. Between 1850 and 1860, the Queen frequently halted at Edinburgh, and slept at Holyrood, while passing to and from Balmoral. It was when on her way to Balmoral, in August 1860, that the Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, held her first review of the Scottish Volunteers in the Queen's Park. There was a muster of 21,500. Towards the end of October 1861, a halt was again made in Edinburgh, when the Prince Consort laid the foundation-stone of the new General Post Office and Industrial Museum, the last public function he was to perform in Scotland. It was eleven years later ere Her Majesty was again in Edinburgh; and she visited it also in 1876, at the unveiling of the Albert Memorial in Charlotte Square. She was in the capital again in 1881, at the Volunteer Review, which had anything but "Queen's weather," and she visited the Exhibition of 1886 and some of the nobility in the neighbourhood.

The Order of the Bath. A Jersey correspondent takes me to task for stating that the Order of the Bath "as now known dates from the Napoleonic Wars," and refers me to

"Whitaker's" (by which I suppose he means "Whitaker's Titled Persons"). Very well, I will quote "Whitaker"—simply premising that he is not infallible. The Jersey gentleman contends that the Bath was founded in 1399. Sir Bernard Burke states no "Order" existed at that time. The Jersey gentleman goes on to say, "It was enlarged upon (sic) in 1725." Quite true; after a long lapse of years, the last Knight of the old Order of the Bath being created by Charles II. at his Coronation. In 1725, however, it consisted only of the Sovereign and thirty-seven Knights. But, in 1815 (let me quote "Whitaker"), "upon the close of the long wars" (I take leave to call these "Napoleonic") "it was greatly enlarged and modelled almost into its present arrangement with its three Classes, but only the highest of these comprised as yet a Civil Division, and this limited to one-sixth of the Class." In 1847 the Order was again enlarged, but surely "Whitaker" bears me out in my assertion.

*The Prince of
Wales.*

During the last few unhappy days, I have on many occasions had to state in private a fact which is apparently so unknown to most of the King's subjects that I venture to repeat it here. The Prince of Wales is not born Prince of Wales. He is given this title by the Sovereign. The eldest son of the Monarch of Great Britain is by birth Duke of Cornwall in the Peerage of England, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, also Earl of Dublin in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. He is by the Sovereign's pleasure created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, but



FROGMORE MAUSOLEUM, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA WILL BE LAID TO REST BY THE SIDE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

neither of these titles is hereditary. Six Dukes of Cornwall by birth were never created Princes of Wales, notably Henry VI. and Edward VI. On the other hand, Charles I. was created by his father, James I., Prince of Wales after the death of his elder brother, Henry. George III. was never Prince of Wales. It will be interesting to see if Edward VII. will create his eldest son, the Duke of York, Prince of the Welsh nation.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Photo by J. Fergus, Largs, N.B.

has ever known to the Queen's personal efforts and generosity that, immediately after the close of the Eastern campaign, the magnificently equipped hospital now known as Netley was built—a permanent and glorious memorial of the Sovereign's love of her people.

A Touching Story. Just forty-five years ago, a Member of Parliament moved his more susceptible colleagues to tears by telling of how, while at Scutari, he had seen a wounded soldier, after hearing one of the Sovereign's personal messages to her troops read out, propose her health in a glass of bark and quinine. "That's a bitter cup for a loyal toast," the visitor had feelingly observed. "Yes," said the man; "and if it hadn't been for the words of the Queen, I could never have got it down."

The Prince's Serious Illness. In the autumn of 1871, the Queen, and, indeed, the nation, went through a period of terrible anxiety. The Prince of Wales had a particularly bad attack of typhoid-fever, and twice the whole of the Royal Family were summoned to what it was believed would be the Heir-Apparent's death-bed at Sandringham. But the Prince had youth on his side, and from the anniversary of his father's death—that is, from Dec. 14—he began to mend slowly. But not till Dec. 26 did the Queen indite that touching letter to her subjects in which reference was made to "the universal feeling shown by her people during those painful days." Late in the following February, the Sovereign and the Prince and Princess of Wales proceeded to St. Paul's in order to take part in a national Thanksgiving Service. It is impossible to forget the spontaneous demonstration of affection for Queen and Prince and for the true and loving Princess who was his most assiduous Sister of Mercy. A sketch of the Royal Procession at Temple Bar is given here.

Modern Illustration.

Entertainment, alike for the thoughtful and the frivolous, may be found in the Loan Exhibition of Modern Illustration at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. The frivolous will probably content themselves with enjoying the old *Punch* drawings and other amusing works, English and Foreign, of which an abundance is provided; while the thoughtful will find interest in tracing the evolution of illustration from the wood-engraving of the 'sixties and earlier to the "process" achievements of to-day. Perhaps, while acknowledging the exactitude and rapidity with which drawings can now be mechanically reproduced, some may experience a feeling of regret for the woodman and his art—almost a lost art—with all its deftness of handiwork and richness of effect. So recently as a dozen years ago, pictorial periodicals were chiefly illustrated by wood-engravings; but now they scarcely ever publish one at all. On the other hand, they are able to give their readers twice as many pictures for the same money, and visitors

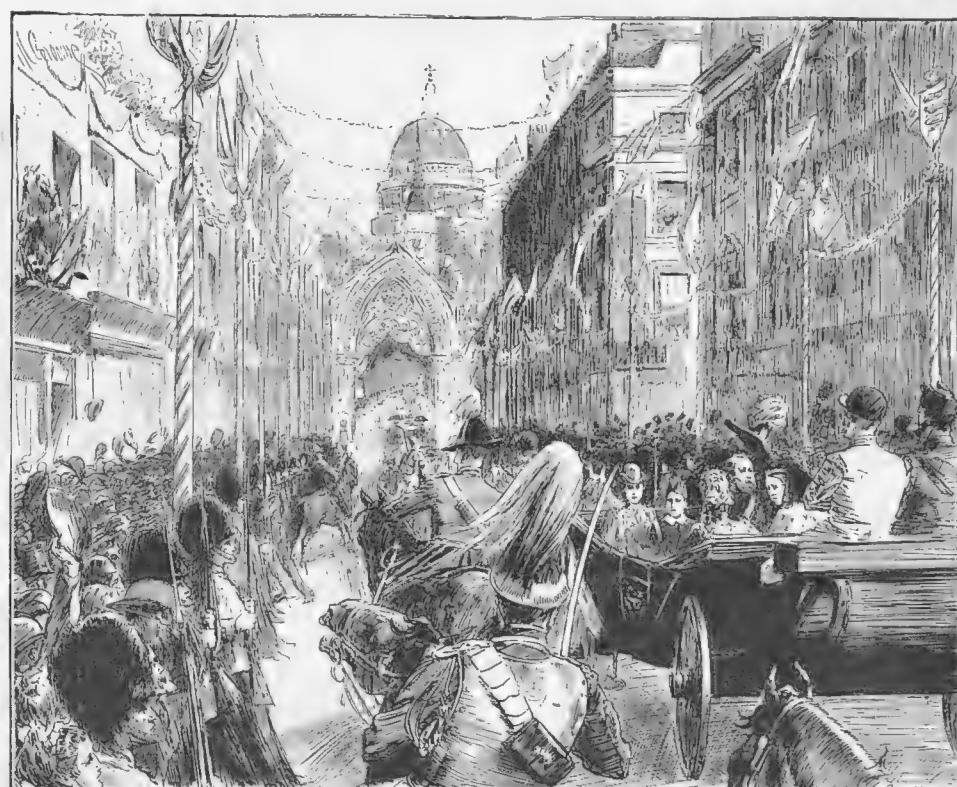
who compare the originals with the reproductions in the present show must of necessity recognise that the "process" work comes nearer to the artist's drawings than did the wood-engraver's representations. The modern method, indeed, brings us into direct contact with the artist; but, by the old way, we could know him only through his interpreter. Still, the wood-engravers who flourished in the 'sixties and later were a competent and skilful, even though a leisurely, race, and one could wish that they had been permitted to pursue their artistic craft unaffected by the pressure of science and competition. I will not now attempt to make selections from the sixteen hundred odd examples; it suffices for the present to say that they are admirably representative of the various developments of the illustrator's art during the last forty years, including, as they do, early drawings by many men who have become famous painters, as well as achievements by the most accomplished artists in black-and-white, and showing by the variety of the methods displayed how decorative art has established itself in the field of illustration, how comic art has perennially flourished, how "half-tone" and zincotype have affected the technique of artists, besides much more that will be instructive and occasionally diverting.

The Chief of the Clan Macmillan.

The varied activities of London publishers apart from the actual requirements of their business are well-known to the public; but the announcement that one of the principals of a distinguished Metropolitan firm is the Chief of a Highland Clan will come as a surprise to some readers of *The Sketch*. The name "Macmillan" has become so identified with the publishing world of London that it has almost been forgotten that Alexander Macmillan, the founder of the house that bears his name, hailed from the South-West of Scotland, and to the end of his days exercised a lively and practical interest in the district of country to which he belonged, and especially in all who bore his family name. The present heads of Macmillan and Co. share their father's sympathies to the full, and this being so, it is no matter for surprise that Mr. George Macmillan has been elected to the Chieftainship of the Clan, in succession to his kinsman, Dr. Hugh Macmillan, the well-known Scottish divine and author. The Chief, presiding at the annual gathering in Glasgow lately, won the hearts at once of his fellow-clansmen as he demonstrated the close relationship between the Greek *genos* and Roman *gens* and the Highland Clan system. Mr. Macmillan, who is one of the founders and honorary secretary of the Hellenic Society, rightly believes that we have something to learn from the old Greeks and Romans, who held reverence for the Clan to be indispensable to true citizenship and patriotism. Speaking of Glasgow, its Exhibition will be very grand.

A New Life of Charles Dickens.

Comparatively few of those who are interested in the plea set forth by Mr. Thomas Wright, the fullest biographer of the poet Cowper, for the establishment of a Dickens Museum, are aware that he has made exhaustive researches concerning the eminent novelist, and that a Life of Charles Dickens from Mr. Wright's pen will appear before this year is ended. When he got the "Life of De Foe" out of his hands in 1896, Mr. Wright began his Dickens biography, in the prosecution of which he has visited nearly every locality associated with the novelist and interviewed persons who were intimate with him. But surely Forster's Life of Dickens (included in the excellent and cheap *Daily News* edition of the great novelist's works) covers the ground completely.



THE QUEEN, WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, PROCEEDING TO ST. PAUL'S ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1872: THE ROYAL PROCESSION AT TEMPLE BAR.

*The Dowager
Lady Carew.*

This venerable lady is grandmother of the present Lord Carew, and may be regarded in a certain sense as a tri-centenarian, having actually lived in three centuries and attained the patriarchal age of one hundred and two years. Here, then, we have amongst us a marvellous example of longevity—a life linked to the far-off times of Wellington and Nelson, and to a period



LADY CAREW, AGED 102, AND STILL IN FULL POSSESSION OF HER FACULTIES. SHE HAS LIVED IN THREE CENTURIES.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

when Holyhead, her Ladyship's birthplace, was but a small fishing-village. Lady Carew still retains decided traces of the remarkable attractions which made her a conspicuous personality at the Court of Louis Philippe, where she was described by an appreciative authority of the time as "charmant et spirituelle," and her robe of Irish poplin excited the admiration, curiosity, and envy of the Court ladies at the Tuilleries. Lady Carew enjoys excellent health and spirits, and divides her leisure chiefly between reading and her favourite game of chess, of which she was formerly an acknowledged expert.

A Story of Royal Carriages.

They tell this characteristic anecdote of the Due de Broglie, who died at Paris last week (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It was he who headed the MacMahon Government which offered, in 1873, the Crown of France to the Comte de Chambord. As everybody knows, M. de Chambord refused to become Henry V. of France, because the Orleanists wished to force upon him the tricoloured flag. He wished to discard this flag, which had rallied France against his ancestors, for the white flag with the *fleur-de-lis*. And so the Republic was reconstructed. But the Government had been so sure of his acceptance that they had ordered the Royal carriages for the King's triumphal entry into Paris. It was rather a delicate matter to put the cost of these now useless vehicles to the charge of a Republican Treasury, to say nothing of the ridicule to which it would expose the lost cause. The Due de Broglie solved the matter by paying for them out of his own pocket, whereby he showed that, if he was the great-grandson of Necker, he was no less the grandson of Madame de Staél. These too-magnificent carriages cumbered his stables for a long time; but at last a client was found. They are to-day the gala-carriages of the Court of Greece.

A President's Gift.

President Loubet has offered as a parting gift to Prince Münster von Derneberg, who leaves permanently the German Embassy of Paris this week, a splendid table *surtout*, in Sèvres porcelain, which was designed by Carrier-Belleuse, and is said to be one of the most successful pieces turned out for a long time from the Government factory. It represents Diana returning from the chase, accompanied by a nymph carrying the game and by a pack of hounds. The Prince, whose health is very much shaken, is about leaving Paris for Cannes.

A Few Visiting-Cards.

It is the custom in France for everyone on the First of January to send his or her visiting-card to every acquaintance. These cards pass through the post in stamped envelopes of one sou each, and furnish to the French Post Office a profit not to be disdained. The office of the City of Paris alone took in last year of these cards thirty millions! Of this number,

twenty millions went from Paris into the country districts. Two hundred and sixty women and sixty men had to be taken on in Paris alone as extra hands to handle these visiting-cards. The regular hands have dubbed these extra hands facetiously the "Boers."

The Sorbonne Incident.

The dramatic incident which occurred at the Sorbonne last week shows that the days of romance and the unexpected are not done. M. Émile Deschanel, Senator, Professor, and father of the President of the Chamber, leaving his class-room leaning his eighty years upon the arm of his aged wife, is shot at by a Russian girl, who mistakes him for somebody else, and has his life saved by another Russian girl, who throws herself in front of him and tranquilly takes the ball in her own lungs. To-day one of these young women is temporarily in prison; the other lies in the hospital, where she is watched solicitously by the Deschanelles, including the bachelor President of the Chamber. Intelligent, of honourable families, they have come from Astrakhan to Paris to seek education, and, afraid neither to defend themselves nor to sacrifice themselves at will, they seem to belong to the age and temperament of Brunhilda. They are in the feminine world a sign of the times.

A Book about the Army.

In "The Army from Within" (Sands and Co.), the author of that exceedingly well-known little book, "An Absent-Minded War," treats of a subject that is naturally occupying a great deal of public attention just now. As he writes thereon from an intimate knowledge, and is, moreover, possessed of a ready pen and an ability to express himself clearly and simply, the volume should achieve a wide measure of popularity. In its round dozen or so of chapters is given a complete account of the manner in which the British Army is "run"—to adopt a convenient commercialism—while a number of well-reasoned suggestions for reform in various directions are also advanced. Among those for which the author pleads hard are the removal of the irritating deductions from his scanty pay to which the soldier is so constantly subjected for the up-keep of his kit, the improvement of barrack accommodation, and the abolition of the "spit and polish" fetish that is responsible for consuming an immense amount of time that might be infinitely better employed. What he contends, in effect, is that a "free kit" should be a really free kit, and that prowess with the rifle is of more importance to the soldier than is proficiency in the use of pipeclay. Unfortunately, the War Office is so wedded to red-tape and routine that one cannot look forward very confidently to these views being adopted. Still, with that distinguished soldier, Earl Roberts, at the helm, there is at least a prospect of this being done in time. When this is the case, we shall (in the words of the writer) have a force, "possibly not so 'smart,' not so spick and span as the British Army of to-day, but one that will be an infinitely more formidable weapon in war." How badly this is wanted our experiences in South Africa at the present moment show us only too plainly.

A Cape Town Entrepreneur.

Mr. Frank de Jong, lessee of the Opera House, Cape Town, and of the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, is a young Englishman who went out to the Cape only a few years ago and prospered marvellously. In all the rising towns of the great South African Colonies, including Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, Kimberley, and Pretoria, one or other of his many companies will be sure to be found playing. Farcical comedies and musical plays are the attractions that find most favour with the theatre-going Colonists. Dramas, with rare exceptions, fail to draw, and Khaki plays are more useless still, for the people have war in their country, and they must have a change when on amusement bent. London successes only have a chance in South Africa, so Mr. de Jong tries to get out the latest success without delay. A good piece will draw £1200 a-week out there. In Johannesburg even more used to be taken before the War, for the theatre-stalls in that city were ten shillings, whereas in Cape Town six shillings is the price. Sir Alfred Milner is a constant patron of Mr. de Jong's Cape Town theatre. General Baden-Powell never misses an opportunity of paying him a visit, but Mr. Cecil Rhodes, although

he holds a large number of shares in the Opera House building, never goes to see a stage play. Mr. de Jong is a Manchester man. His father, still alive, but now living at Davos-Platz, was well known as a man with sufficient means to indulge a taste for mechanical inventions. Indeed, it is an improvement on an invention of his for checking theatre-passes that is now in use in most London and provincial places of amusement.



MR. FRANK DE JONG, A POPULAR SOUTH AFRICAN ENTREPRENEUR.

Photo by Dufus Brothers, Cape Town.

MR. AND MRS. BEERBOHM TREE

THOSE who have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as many years as I have will recall, in addition to pleasant memories of what may be called the Beerbohm Tree-eries at Number So-and-So, Sloane Street, sundry matters concerning this clever and popular couple before they settled down in matrimony. They will remember, in the first place, that Mr. Tree, escaping for the nonce from his Beerbohm (without the Tree) parental control, would ever and anon go amateur-acting, until such time as he became a full-blown professional down at that very minor, but once rather major, playhouse, the now extinct Garrick Theatre in Leman Street, Whitechapel. (Ah! You didn't know that, did you, you later Tree biographers?)

A similarly informed but not necessarily equi-experienced enthusiast would, of course, call to mind that, some time before Mrs. Tree became Mrs. Tree—

WHEN SHE WAS MISS MAUD HOLT,

in point of fact—she was wont to gain not only golden opinions, but golden medals and so forth, for her adeptness in Mathematics, Greek, and cognate subjects. Indeed, during her honeymoon, Mrs. Tree was selected to represent most difficult characters in the Hellenic drama.

About the same time, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's young and brilliant bride, after some spells of amateur-acting, made, by the advice of the

bright eldest daughter. Mrs. Tree, however, took care to assure me that neither Viola nor her little sister Iris, whose birthday was last Sunday, is intended for the stage.

When I asked Mrs. Tree if she objected to young girls taking to the stage, she said, "No, not if they have any ability for that arduous profession. Unfortunately," she added, "the stage nowadays contains so many people who cannot act and who do not appear to want to try." This is, unhappily, true, although it is evident to the merest playgoer that this sort of stage-player does not find his or her way to Mr. Tree's theatre. His is not only a clever, but also a hard-working company.

This fact will be found more than ever evident in Mr. Tree's latest production, namely,

"TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL,"

which would have been seen at Her Majesty's to-morrow, Thursday, the 31st, but for the death of our beloved Queen. I found Mr. Tree uncertain as to the date of production, but it has since been fixed for the evening of next Tuesday. "Mr. Alexander," said Mr. Tree, "announced the production of Mr. Haddon Chambers's new play before I had announced 'Twelfth Night,' so he has the preference, and I have arranged to wait for his date." [Mr. A. has chosen Wednesday next.]

"Twelfth Night" is, as Mr. Tree observed to me, "not by any means a leading man's play—everybody in the piece has a splendid chance,



MR. AND MRS. BEERBOHM TREE AT HOME. WHILST MR. TREE IS BUSILY SUPERINTENDING REHEARSALS OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," HIS TALENTED WIFE IS DESIGNING THE COSTUMES FOR THIS GREAT PRODUCTION.

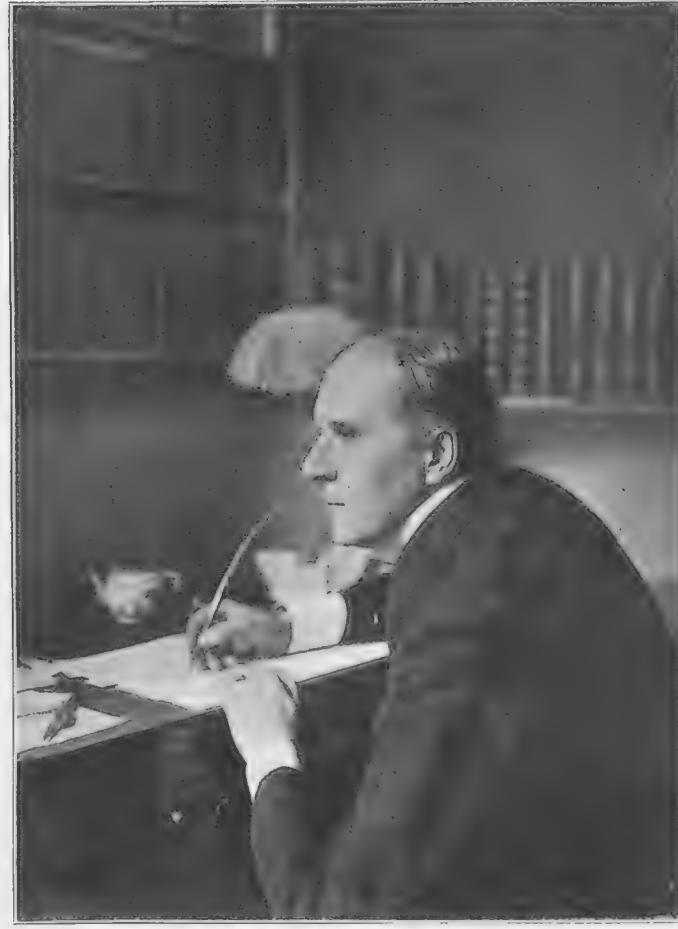
From Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

late Mr. G. W. Godfrey, the playwright, her first professional appearance. After she had made a kind of preliminary débüt with her husband in Mr. Gilbert's "Sweethearts," at a Gaiety matinée, Mrs. Tree anon cropped up at the Court, in the said Mr. Godfrey's play, "The Millionaire," as adapted by him from the late Edmund Yates's novel, "Kissing the Rod."

From that time both Mr. and Mrs. Tree plunged seriously into theatrical life, both in their engagements and, anon, in their management playing a large number of parts which no proper playgoing *Sketch* reader will need set forth in detail. I may, however, just stop to remind you that Mrs. Tree once during her early stage-career played in a circus, namely, at Hengler's! Not, mark you, in the ring, but in a Greek play, "Helena in Troas," to wit. It was just after

A MOST ARDUOUS REHEARSAL OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"

that I found Mr. and Mrs. Tree. They were, in consequence of the lull enforced by the recent national bereavement, preparing to quit their cosy home at Number So-and-So, Sloane Street, in order to run over to Monte Carlo. This, of course, was only in order to get change of air, for surely no more charming home can be imagined than this Tree home, with its books, its brie-à-brac, its cosy chairs, and its caricatures and other works of the fair Mr. Beerbohm Tree's smart dark brother Max. Moreover, speaking of "Twelfth Night," Mr. and Mrs. Tree have on the premises a Viola of their very own, namely, their sweet and



even down to the minor characters." This being thus, he has taken extreme care that his impersonation of Malvolio, the sick-o'-self-love steward, shall be backed up by the best obtainable players. Thus, he has secured Mr. Lionel Brough for Sir Toby Belch, Mr. Norman Forbes for Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Mr. Courtice Pounds for the Clown (with songs), Miss Maud Jeffries for the Countess Olivia, Mrs. Tree for the saucy serving-maid Maria, and Miss Lily Brayton for what might be called the "principal boy"—Viola, to wit. Whether Mrs. Tree will be well enough from throat-trouble to retain the part of Maria was somewhat in doubt when I struck her at rehearsals. It is to be hoped she will, for her Maria should be a bright and interesting performance. As for Mr. Tree's Malvolio, we are all, of course, expecting him to make a big success in that. Certainly

HE OUGHT TO PROVE THE BEST MALVOLIO

since the late great Samuel Phelps, who was undoubtedly the best Malvolio within the memory of living man. Mr. Tree tells me that, happen what will (and, of course, he hopes for success), he has dared to take what he believes to be a novel view of the character.

I will conclude with a note that should be especially interesting to *The Sketch's* fellow-Shaksperian students. It is this—that, if Mr. Tree had succeeded in getting "Twelfth Night" out on Feb. 2, it would have been exactly three hundred years that night since Shakspere produced the play.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

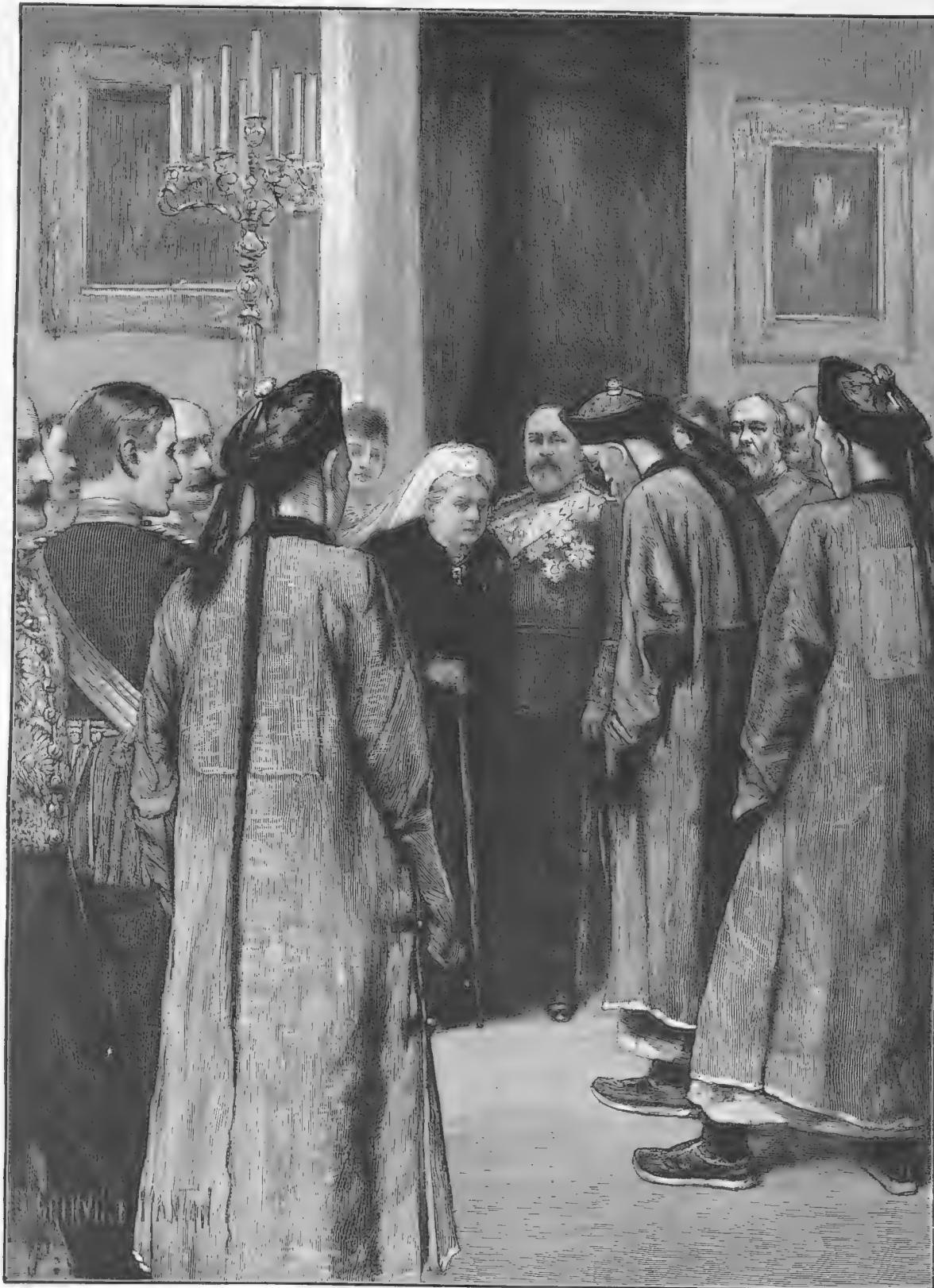
CENTURY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THE close of a most glorious chapter in the History of England and the commencement of a new reign with the New Century form an appropriate occasion for the issue of a fresh edition of a valuable national work. This is the "Century Edition of Cassell's Illustrated History of England," the serial publication of which began on the day of the Prince of Wales's Accession. To be embellished with nearly two thousand Illustrations (a sample of which is given

widely appreciated. The poem, when it first appeared, at once won the admiration of the Queen, who made inquiries regarding its author, and subsequently had the paper—the *Aberdeen Journal*—in which the verses were published always on her breakfast-table while she was at Balmoral.

TWO QUEENS AND TWO CECILS.

The reign of Victoria has often been compared to and contrasted with that of Elizabeth, and it is one of the curious coincidences of



VISIT OF LI HUNG CHANG TO THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

Reproduced from Cassell's "History of England."

on this page) and a large number of Coloured Plates, this work will be one of the most attractive kind, and worthy a place in every British home.

"SHE NODDIT TO ME."

The Queen was familiar with all the countryside for miles round Balmoral, and, as she was seen in her walks abroad and of recent years on her daily drives, the venerable Sovereign had a cheerful smile for everyone. On the occasion of her last visit to Balmoral, in the early autumn of 1900, two verses of an exquisite little poem, "She Noddit to Me," were quoted in *The Sketch*. They were, I am happy to know,

history, as well as another illustration of the continuity of life in England, that each great Sovereign, at an interval of three hundred years, had for her Chief Minister of State, at the close of her reign, a Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury. Among the last visitors received by the Queen at Windsor Castle were the present Premier and Lady Gwendolen Cecil. When Queen Bess had sunk into her melancholy stage, refusing food and sitting up day and night, supported by pillows, on a stool, Burleigh's son ventured to tell her she must go to bed. "Must!" she cried; "is 'must' a word to be addressed to Princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word. Thou art so presumptuous because thou knowest I shall die."

A SKETCH OF THE REIGN OF GOOD QUEEN VICTORIA.



From the Diamond Jubilee Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W., with the Queen's Autograph.

*Victoria
1837-1897.*

IN MEMORY OF GOOD QUEEN VICTORIA.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S FATHER: EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT
AND STRATHEARN, K.G., K.T., K.P., ETC.

After a Painting by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S MOTHER: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

After a Picture by F. Winterhalter.



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W., from a Drawing
from Life at Kensington Palace by John Hayter.*



H.S.H. THE PRINCESS OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG,
STEP-SISTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

From a Painting by H. Collen.

QUEEN VICTORIA: AN ANECDOTAL MEMOIR.

AT the present moment, when the whole world mourns with the British Empire the loss of her who was at one and the same time the greatest of Sovereigns and the most tender Mother of her People, it appears not unseemly to try and give an anecdotal and therefore intimate sketch of the beloved Queen whose splendour as Monarch was so often, if not overshadowed, then merged in gracious womanliness.

Tennyson was, perhaps, never more happily inspired than when he wrote the famous lines, "A thousand claims to reverence closed in her as woman, wife, and Queen."

The whole life of our beloved Sovereign could not be summed up in more simple and touching language. It is impossible to estimate too much what the whole English-speaking world owes to the example which Queen Victoria consistently set of unswerving devotion to duty. Her own early training was singularly sensible, at a time when children were too often apt to be tyrannised over, ostensibly for their own good.

HER PARENTS.

Her father, the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., had a high place in the affections of the English people, who were delighted when he wedded the widowed Princess of Leiningen, and still more delighted when the Princess Victoria was born, on May 24, 1819, "as plump as a partridge." Although there were several lives between the infant and the Throne, her father had, as will be seen, a prevision of her destiny.

"SHE WILL BE QUEEN."

Looking eastward over Kensington Gardens is a spacious chamber, on the walls of which, plainly inscribed on a gilt plate, run the memorable words, "In this room Queen Victoria was born, May 24, 1819." But it was in the room next to the birth-chamber that the Duke of Kent, presenting the new Princess to his assembled friends, exclaimed significantly, "Look at her well, for she will be Queen of England"—words the more remarkable when it be remembered that at the time a great number of lives stood between the unconscious babe and the Throne.

A CHOICE OF NAMES.

Few of us realise how nearly our late beloved Sovereign reigned under the name of Charlotte. The luckless daughter of the Regent had been adored by the nation, and, had it not been that "Charlotte" was supposed to spell ill-luck, there is no doubt that the infant Princess would have received that as her first name. The Duke of Kent wished his daughter to be another "Elizabeth," and the Regent—it was said, to annoy his brother—insisted that the un-English name of "Alexandrina" should be chosen; but, at the christening ceremony, the Duke of Kent, ever mindful of his Duchess's claims to respect, asked firmly that his

child should be "given her mother's name also." And it was to this happy after-thought that the Queen owed the name she made so greatly revered wherever the English language is spoken.

WONDERFUL ESCAPES FROM DEATH.

Few of us realise that, even as a child, guarded from every rough wind by the most devoted care and love, the future Sovereign of these realms ran some terrible dangers. She was only a year old when a careless youth let a pistol off through the window of the room where

the Princess was sitting on her mother's knee, and the bullet only just missed her little head. Some years later, when driving in her pony-carriage in Kensington Gardens, another vehicle collided violently with it, and the Princess would almost certainly have been killed had not a passer-by, an Irish soldier named Maloney, snatched her out of harm's way. His action was magnificently rewarded by the Duchess of Kent. Again, some years later, when Princess Victoria was fifteen, she and the Duchess of Kent were yachting off the Isle of Wight, when the mast fell, and, had it not been for the presence of mind of the pilot, who quickly pushed her on one side, the Royal yachtswoman would infallibly have been struck dead.

HER EARLY EDUCATION.

The Princess was only about eight months old when her father died, and the death of George IV., which followed immediately afterwards, placed the little Princess so near the Throne that her mother resolved to bring up the child in England. The Princess was brought up in the strictest seclusion, and was never seen or heard of in public except in association with her mother. The tender love which subsisted between the two was cemented

during those years of childhood and youth passed in the stately old Kensington Palace, yet with no Royal state, but with extreme simplicity and natural home-life. So resolved was the Duchess of Kent that her daughter should be in every way an English Princess, that she never once took her abroad—indeed, it was not until Queen Victoria had been several years upon the Throne, and was both wife and mother, that she left the soil of Great Britain. King William IV. was childless, and the relations between him and the Duchess of Kent were at one time not very pleasant, but Queen Adelaide always showed the tenderest consideration and regard for her little niece.

THE QUEEN'S SISTER.

Although there were many years between the Duchess of Kent's elder and younger daughters, the future Queen was from the first quite devoted to Princess Feodore, and the affection continued till death broke the bond between them. This fact is strangely little realised in this



QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

After the Painting by Sir George Hayter, R.A.

country, and yet there exists a most interesting volume, privately printed for distribution among Her Majesty's friends, containing extracts from the daily letters which passed between the Queen and the Princess Feodore, who, after a happy married life, died comparatively recently.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE TUTOR.

The Queen was exceedingly fond of her tutor, Dr. Davis, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. The Dean, as he then was, told his Royal pupil that he would prefer to see her good than great, and it is pleasing to think that he lived far into the first half of Her Majesty's great and good reign. The story goes that on one occasion, the Dean having preached from the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," the Princess inquired of him, "Do not men reap anything but what they sow?" "Yes," replied the Dean, "if they allow someone to come and sow tares among the wheat." "I know who that someone is," said the Princess; "and I must keep him at arm's-length." "At arm's-length only, your Royal Highness?" asked the Dean gravely. "If I keep him there, he won't be able to do much harm," was the quick answer.

THE QUEEN AND HER DOLLS.

Princess Victoria seems to have been, in the best sense of the word, a thorough child, devoted to her toys, and especially to her dolls. In this she was encouraged by her governess, the Baroness Lehzen, who hit on the happy idea of initiating her little pupil into the



PRINCE ALBERT AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

From a Picture by Döll.

forms and ceremonies of a Court by means of her beloved dolls, now shown in Kensington Palace.

SHE WEPT TO WEAR A CROWN.

The story of how the Princess was informed of her Accession to the Throne has often been told, and the fact that the youthful Sovereign did, in very truth, "weep to wear a Crown" was immortalised in some fine verses by Mrs. Browning—

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved:
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those poor tears have moved.
The nature in thine eyes we see,
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties.
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear its Crown.

THE QUEEN'S OWN ACCOUNT.

Dean Stanley has left on record the Queen's own account of what occurred on this most memorable morning. "It was about six a.m. that Mamma came and called me and said I must go and see Lord Cunningham alone. I got up and went into a room, where I found Lord Cunningham, who knelt and kissed my hand, and gave me the certificate of the King's death." And, after that, there seems no doubt that the young Queen turned to the Archbishop, who was standing by, and said, with much emotion, "I ask your Grace to pray for me."

A MEMORABLE DAY.

That same afternoon she held her first Council. "Had she been my own daughter," said the old Duke of Wellington, "I could not have wished to see her play her part better." Thus early in her life the Queen decided to be a working Queen, and she was most fortunate in her first

Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, an old courtier who regarded his Sovereign with fatherly affection.

THE SOVEREIGN'S FIRST SUITOR.

There were naturally many suitors for the hand of the lovely young Queen. The Prince of Orange was among them, and the story goes that, after his final dismissal, the Queen gazed through the window at his retreating figure and remarked, "How like a radish he looks!"

FIRST MEETING WITH PRINCE ALBERT.

The Queen first saw her future husband a year before her Accession, when he paid a visit to Kensington Palace and made a very favourable impression. It was then that the Prince gave his cousin a small enamel ring with a tiny diamond in the middle, a gift of no great value, but one which the Queen wore all her life, together with her engagement and her wedding rings.

THE QUEEN'S OTHER SUITORS.

Probably few people are aware how nearly this country had a French or a Danish Prince-Consort—indeed, from the then State-reason point of view, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was by no means an ideal husband for the Queen of England. The first Royal wooer who dared to aspire to the hand of the maiden Monarch was a certain Prince of Holstein, and he had a powerful rival in the good-looking and charming Due de Nemours, the chivalrous son of Louis Philippe, whose wife afterwards



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From an Old Print.

became so dear and intimate a friend of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty, however, declared herself wholly fancy-free; but it is said that the astute King of the French was much disappointed, and at one moment really believed that his favourite son was going to become in fact, if not in name, King of England.

Yet another now forgotten Royal suitor was the clever and eccentric Prince de Solms, a son of the then Queen of Hanover. It is, however, said that he was never given a fair chance, for his step-father, the King of Hanover, had naturally a great interest that the young Queen of England should die childless. Just now, it appears strange that British nobles should ever have aspired to the position of Prince Consort, but it is an undoubted fact that more than one good-looking Peer was singled out for special notice and favour by the maiden Queen; those, however, who were intimately associated with the Court were aware of the Queen's long affection for her first-cousin.

CORONATION DAY.

Coronation Day may be said to have opened very auspiciously Her Majesty's great and glorious reign. Notwithstanding the vast crowds which gathered in the smaller London of that time, not a single accident occurred. The ordeal must have been no slight one, for the various ceremonies lasted something like five hours; and one really disagreeable incident occurred, for the Coronation-ring was several sizes too small, having been made to fit the little finger instead of the third finger. It was characteristic of the Queen's bright, simple nature that, on her return to Buckingham Palace, she immediately set about giving her favourite dog, a spaniel named "Dash," his bath.

A DELICATE QUESTION.

Not long after the Coronation, the Queen presided for the first time over a Chapter of the most noble Order of the Garter, for Her Majesty was very anxious to bestow one of the greatest honours in her gift on her much-loved half brother, the Prince of Leiningen. Just before the

Lord Melbourne.

Duke of Wellington. Sir Robert Peel.



Duke of Cumberland. Duke of Sussex.

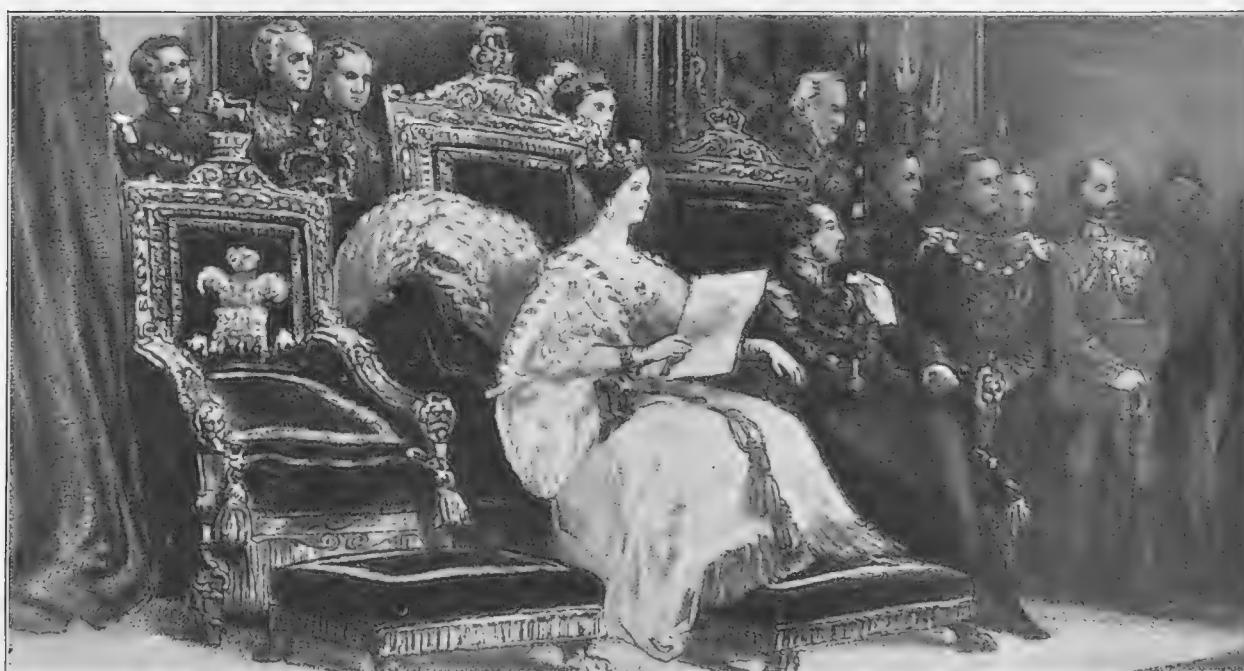
QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST COUNCIL AT KENSINGTON PALACE ON JUNE 20, 1837.

Greville says: "The Duke of Wellington remarked that, if she had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better."

AFTER A PAINTING BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GRAVES AND CO., PALL MALL.



QUEEN VICTORIA PROCEEDING IN STATE TO OPEN HER FIRST PARLIAMENT, NOV. 30, 1837.



QUEEN VICTORIA READING A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN AN EARLY YEAR OF HER REIGN.

ceremony was about to take place, an urgent message was sent by the Sovereign requesting the immediate presence of Earl Marshal the Duke of Norfolk, of whom the young Queen, with pretty embarrassment, inquired, "Pray tell me, Sir, how I am to wear the Garter?" Fortunately, there existed at least one precedent—that of Queen Anne, who always wore the Order as Her Majesty has now done for upwards of sixty years.

THE QUEEN'S BETROTHAL.

The Queen's marriage was eagerly looked for by the nation, and, when it became known that she had given her heart to her handsome cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, great joy was expressed, and the fact that the maiden Monarch had herself had to take the initiative touched the heart of the British people as nothing else could have done.

THE QUEEN'S WEDDING.

On Feb. 10, 1840, the Queen's marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was solemnised in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, and it is on record that Her Majesty informed the Archbishop of Canterbury that she desired to be married as a woman and not as a Queen. The Crown, which was worn by all her Royal predecessors on their wedding-day, was replaced in her case by a wreath of orange-blossoms. It is said that the Queen always much regretted the fact that her own mother did not give her away, and that is why Her Majesty

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

The future King of these realms was born almost exactly a year after the Princess Royal, and the Queen, as often happened when subsequent great events occurred, received literally thousands of letters from unknown people all over the Kingdom congratulating her on the happy event.

The year 1842 was a memorable one in the Queen's life—she took her first trip by rail from Windsor to Paddington; two attempts were made upon her life, by John Francis and a hunchback named Bean; and Her Majesty paid her first visit to Scotland. It was the beginning of a permanent affection for the "Land o' Cakes." The Queen and Prince Albert's home-life was remarkably simple, and the Royal children were brought up in the same natural, simple manner which had proved so successful in the Queen's own case.

A PRETTY STORY.

A charming little story, which exemplifies the Queen's ready wit, used to be told by Signor Lablache. On one occasion, after the Queen had had her usual singing-lesson, the great singer's Royal pupil observed, "I am told, Signor, that you have a wonderful collection of snuff-boxes." "Yes, Madam," was the reply; "I possess three hundred and sixty-five specimens—one for every day in the year." The next time Lablache arrived at Buckingham Palace, the Queen met him with outstretched-hand, in which lay a charming little gold snuff-box.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE ALBERT AND QUEEN VICTORIA IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, FEB. 10, 1840.

has performed that ceremony in the case of more than one bride to whom she has been much attached. Instead of the Duchess of Kent playing this important rôle in the case of her daughter, the Duke of Sussex represented the bride's late father; and, apropos of this, it was observed that "the Duke of Sussex is always ready to give away what does not belong to him."

THE QUEEN'S BRIDAL-DRESS.

The Queen's bridal-gown was not only entirely of English manufacture, but all the lace on it was British, and this in spite of the fact that her beloved uncle, King Leopold, had presented her with the most marvellous collection of old Brussels. The Sovereign's bridal-veil was of Honiton, and it has, of course, been carefully preserved, having been worn by only one of Her Majesty's daughters, namely, the Princess Royal. One of the most valuable books in the world is the register which contains the original record of Her Majesty's "marriage lines"; this attestation-book is always kept by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it contains the records of innumerable other Royal ceremonies, as well as that of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert's marriage.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST CHILD.

On Nov. 21, 1840, the nation heard the joyful news of the birth of the Princess Royal. It is on record that Prince Albert was for a moment sorry that the baby was not a Prince of Wales; but the Queen, noticing this, said brightly, "Never mind; the next one shall be a boy!" adding archly that she hoped she might have as many children as her grandmother, Queen Charlotte, who presented George III. with sixteen!

"I have been thinking that your wonderful collection is not really complete, for no allowance is made for the extra day in Leap-Year."

"PRINCE PATRICK."

It was in 1849 that the Queen paid her first visit to Ireland, and from one of the triumphal arches erected at Queenstown a live dove fluttered into her lap; and it was then that an old Irishwoman cried, "Och, Queen dear, make one of them Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you!" The hint was taken, for, when the Duke of Connaught was born, in the following year, Patrick was duly included among his names.

THE 'FIFTY-ONE EXHIBITION.'

The Queen's happiness reached perhaps its height in the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the overwhelming success of which was peculiarly gratifying, for it was Prince Albert's own creation. Not long after the Great Exhibition, a gentleman named Neale, an old miser, left Her Majesty a legacy of a quarter-of-a-million. At first, the Queen refused to accept it; but, on finding that Mr. Neale had left no relations, she consented, after making full provision for his executors and for his old housekeeper.

THE QUEEN AND THE "IRON DUKE."

The death of the Duke of Wellington was a terrible blow to the Queen; and only two years afterwards followed the storm and stress of the Crimean War. Many now living can remember how deeply Her Majesty entered into this national struggle. Prince Albert started the

[Continued on page 63.]



ONE OF THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, OF DUBLIN, TAKEN BY ROYAL COMMAND DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO IRELAND LAST YEAR.



ANOTHER RECENT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1876.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, ERURY STREET, S.W.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

[Continued from page 62.]

Patriotic Fund; the Royal children drew and painted pictures which were sold in aid of it; and in six months a round million had been collected. The two elder Princesses longed to go and join Florence Nightingale and her noble band of nurses. The mismanagement of the commissariat was also a great trouble to the Queen, who interfered actively with a view to remedying it. During the war, Her Majesty opened Parliament in person, and she read the Speech from the Throne in a voice broken with sobs. When the wounded began to come home, the Queen constantly visited them in the hospitals, and presented medals with her own hand.

THE SECOND GREATEST DAY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

The Queen often said that the second greatest day in her life was that which saw the marriage of her beloved eldest child, the Princess Royal, to the then Prince Frederick of Prussia. The Sovereign touchingly said that she felt as if she were herself being married over again, and within the year the birth of the present German Emperor made the Queen a grandmother before she was forty.

A TERRIBLE YEAR.

In 1861, the first great sorrow which overshadowed the life of Queen Victoria was the death of her adored mother, the Duchess of

SOME MEMORABLE DATES.

On Dec. 14, 1878, just seventeen years after the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen had the terrible grief of losing her second daughter, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who caught diphtheria as a result of her devoted attention to her husband and children, one of whom, Princess May, died just a month before her mother. And so strangely have joys and sorrows mingled in the Sovereign's life that when, in the following March, the Duke of Connaught's marriage to Princess Louise of Prussia took place, again within a very few days came the news of the death of one of the Queen's favourite grandchildren, Prince Waldemar of Prussia.

HER SON IN BATTLE.

The Queen was fond of saying that she thoroughly realised how those parents felt whose sons were engaged in actual warfare, for, when the Egyptian War broke out, the Duke of Connaught responded to the call of duty, and his wife and mother together waited in suspense and anxiety till the news came both of the Duke's safety and of his brilliant part in the great Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

YET ANOTHER BEREAVEMENT.

The death of the Duke of Albany was a terrible blow to his mother, the more so that in character, though not in personal appearance, he



QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT WITH PRINCE ALBERT TO THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AT THE TUILERIES, AUGUST 1855.

Kent. The feelings of the Queen were eloquently set forth in her Diary: "Her gentle spirit is at rest, her sufferings over! But I—I, wretched child, who have lost the mother I had so tenderly loved, and from whom for these forty-one years I have never been parted except for a few weeks—what was my ease? My childhood—everything seemed to crowd upon me at once. I seemed to have lived through a life and to have become old." And yet, in the autumn of that same year, an even greater sorrow befell the Sovereign, for, after a very short, sudden illness, the Prince Consort passed away on Dec. 14 at Windsor Castle.

AN INTERVAL OF SECLUSION.

The present generation cannot remember the dark days which followed the death of the Prince Consort. For a while the Queen herself seemed in danger of death—indeed, it may be doubted whether the whole truth about those terribly sad days will ever be known, for the Sovereign was surrounded by devoted children and friends, and Parliament publicly thanked Princess Alice for the assistance she had rendered her bereaved mother in carrying on the affairs of State. Lord Shaftesbury wrote at this time, "What a desolation of the Queen's heart and life, the death-blow to her happiness on earth!" But, as we all know, the Queen rallied from her awful sorrow, and, after a certain period of seclusion, came forth once more among her loyal people, to spend forty more years of not unhappy existence.

strongly recalled his gifted father. But many years were to go by before the Queen was to suffer a similar blow by the death of her second son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and in the interval Her Majesty spent many happy, peaceful days, ever becoming more and more deeply enshrined in the hearts of her people.

THE QUEEN'S LAST OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The last time the Sovereign opened Parliament in person was in the January of 1886, and a pretty little scene took place when Her Majesty actually entered the House of Lords. As she appeared, the Prince of Wales stepped down from his State-chair and raised his mother's hand to his lips.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Many touching stories have been told concerning the first of Queen Victoria's two Jubilees, in 1887. Only three Sovereigns had up to that time reigned over the Anglo-Saxon race for fifty years, and not only all the Sovereign's descendants, but many Royal personages, among whom were all the Heirs-Apparent of Europe, made a point of being present at the great function which took place in Westminster Abbey on June 21, 1887. The Queen observed to one of her intimate friends that what she most enjoyed on that great day was her drive through the thirty thousand school-children who were entertained in Hyde Park in honour of the

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

FOUR GENERATIONS: A HISTORIC PICTURE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

occasion, and Her Majesty also recalled with particular pleasure the fact that one old lady present at the Jubilee festivities had actually assisted at George the Third's Jubilee.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

The Diamond Jubilee in 1897 is still present to all our minds, and how little can those who had the privilege of seeing how well and how vigorous the Sovereign looked on that great day have thought that in little more than three years she would have disappeared from their midst! The great procession through the streets of London was entirely the Sovereign's own wish, and, indeed, her own suggestion, for she realised how eagerly thousands of her poorer subjects would look to see her on the sixtieth anniversary of her Accession to the Throne. "My dear," the Queen is said to have remarked to the Princess of Wales, when the long, trying ordeal was drawing to a close, "I seem to feel less and less tired as we go on; by the time we are home again I shall feel eighteen."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The last twelve months of our beloved Sovereign's life were undoubtedly darkened by the Transvaal Campaign. From the very first the Sovereign identified herself closely with her Army and with the

subjects. On one occasion, when driving out near Datchet, Windsor, the Royal carriage passed an Indian ayah. The Sovereign noticed that the poor woman had no shoes on, and was wearing very thin clothing, although the weather was bitterly cold. Stopping the carriage, she desired one of the attendants to ask why this was so, and, on learning it was lack of means which prevented her being suitably attired, the Queen had her brought up to the Castle and provided with warm clothing, and put in connection with one of the great Missionary Societies, through which she finally obtained a good post as nurse.

However busy or tired the Vice-Reine might happen to be, she never missed a mail in writing to the Queen, and it is to be hoped that some day the letters of Indian Vice-Reines, ranging from those penned by Lady Canning to those lately indited by Lady Curzon, will be published, for they will form an invaluable mine of information for the historian of the future. Curiously enough, the only one of the Queen's children who knows Hindostani is the Duke of Connaught, who mastered the language during his stay in India.

"LAST SCENE OF ALL."

It was the general opinion, which *The Sketch* assuredly shares, that the Emperor William performed an action characteristically kind-hearted



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA DIED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

nation. All military news from "the Front" was instantly transmitted to her, and she felt with an almost too painful intensity the first reverses to our arms; while in innumerable instances she communicated directly with the parents and friends of the dead and wounded. The death of Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein was not only a personal grief, but a wholly unexpected blow, and it is said that the Queen never quite recovered from the sorrow caused her by the loss of one of her favourite grandsons.

"EMPEROR OF INDIA."

Her Majesty's deep interest in and affection for her Indian Empire was, perhaps, scarcely realised by many of us. As long ago as 1857—indeed, just after the terrible Mutiny—the Queen warmly commended the then Viceroy for those actions of his which earned for him the opprobrious nickname of "Clemency Canning," and, of late years, as we all know, the Sovereign has been constantly surrounded by native attendants, with whom she had many opportunities of practising the really excellent knowledge of Hindostani acquired by her only comparatively lately. Many interesting examples might be given showing how sincere and how personal was the Queen's interest in her Indian

and gracious in interrupting the Prussian Monarchy Bicentenary Fêtes on purpose to travel to England with the Duke of Connaught to be present at the bedside of the dying Queen at Osborne. The presence of His Imperial Highness on the melancholy occasion doubtless helped to nerve the Prince of Wales throughout the greatest ordeal of his life.

The public could not help reading with profoundest sympathy the two simply and beautifully worded telegrams in which the Prince so soon to be acclaimed as King Edward VII. informed the Lord Mayor of London, on Tuesday, Jan. 22, of the gloomy news which has thrown a whole Empire into mourning, and elicited expressions of heartiest condolence from the entire civilised world. Those historic telegrams are worth quoting—

Osborne, 4 p.m.

My painful duty obliges me to inform you that the life of the beloved Queen is in the greatest danger.

Osborne, Tuesday, 6.45 p.m.

My beloved mother, the Queen, has just passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. (Signed) ALBERT EDWARD.

VIEWS AT OSBORNE HOUSE, WHERE THE QUEEN DIED.



THE INDIAN DURBAR-ROOM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



THE CORRIDOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. N. KING, LONDON.

THE ROYAL PHYSICIANS.

THEIR WORK AND RECORDS.

A VERY important department of the Royal Household is the medical one, and, as may be imagined, the greatest care is exercised in the selection of its members. Upon their professional skill and knowledge depends almost entirely the bodily

WELL-BEING OF THE SOVEREIGN.

Consequently, when—as during the sad days through which the nation has just passed—this is in jeopardy, the anxieties ever inseparable from their work as physicians are increased a hundredfold. Until the crisis be over, they cannot know a moment's respite from the combat between the noble art they follow and the Pale Enemy that preys upon all humanity—Royal and simple alike.

As at present constituted, the medical department of the Royal Household consists of two main classes. These are (1) "Physicians in Ordinary" and (2) "Physicians Extraordinary." Immediately after these come the "Sergeant Surgeon," the "Surgeons Extraordinary," and the "Surgeons and Apothecaries in Ordinary." Altogether, the staff (including those holding the positions of Oculist and Chemist) numbers

The third and last of the "Physicians in Ordinary" is

SIR RICHARD DOUGLAS POWELL, BART., M.D.,

who was appointed to the position in 1899. He has a large hospital practice, and is on the staffs of the Middlesex, Brompton, Charing Cross, and Ventnor Hospitals. Heavy as are the calls that the performance of the duties of these positions make upon him, he contrives, nevertheless, to also find time to act as Deputy-Chairman of the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society, and to be a frequent contributor to the professional journals. He is considered one of the first living authorities on diseases of the organs of respiration.

The "Physicians Extraordinary" to the Royal Household are five in number. These are, in order of seniority as such, Sir Alfred Garrod, M.D., Sir Samuel Wilks, Bart., M.D., Sir William Broadbent, Bart., M.D., Mr. James E. Pollock, M.D., and Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., M.D. The first-named of these is a former Vice-President of the Royal College of Physicians. Sir Samuel Wilks is an ex-President of the same institution. In addition to his present appointment, he holds that of Physician to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Sir William Broadbent is on the staffs of several London hospitals, and is a member of the majority of the leading medical societies. Mr. Pollock was appointed to his present position in 1899. He graduated "M.D." at King's College, Aberdeen,



SIR FRANCIS LAKING, M.D.,
SURGEON APOTHECARY TO HER LATE MAJESTY AND TO
KING EDWARD VII.



SIR JAMES REID, M.D.
IN ATTENDANCE AT OSBORNE WHEN THE QUEEN DIED.
Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



SIR R. DOUGLAS POWELL, M.D.
IN ATTENDANCE AT OSBORNE WHEN THE QUEEN DIED.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

twenty-three individuals, every one of whom is a "specialist" in his own particular line. At the head of the "Physicians in Ordinary" is

SIR EDWARD HENRY SIEVEKING, M.D.

One of the foremost medical men of the day, he has held many of the highest offices open to members of his calling. Among these have been those of the Presidencies of the Royal Chirurgical and Harveian Societies, and Examiner and Lecturer at the Royal College of Physicians. He received his education chiefly at the Universities of Edinburgh (where he graduated "M.D." in 1841), Berlin, and Bonn. From time to time he has published valuable works on professional subjects, the best-known of these, perhaps, being his "Manual of Pathological Anatomy."

The medical man who has loomed largest in the public mind of late, however, is the second of the three "Physicians in Ordinary." This is

SIR JAMES REID, K.C.B., M.D., LL.D.,

who was appointed a resident physician to the late Queen so long ago as 1881. A Scot by birth, Sir James was sent, at an early age, to the famous Grammar School at Aberdeen, proceeding afterwards to the University of the same town. Here he carried all before him in the way of medals and diplomas, and left the "Granite City" as one of her most distinguished *alumni*. After practising for a couple of years in London, he spent some time in Vienna, with a view to perfecting himself in hospital work there. He eventually visited other European capitals with the same object. His reputation on the Continent is no less high than it is in this country, and among the honours he has received on this account are the Red Eagle of Russia, the Imperial Order of the Crown of Germany, and the Ernestine Order of Coburg. Among all his decorations, however, Sir James is said to prize above any the medal conferred upon him in token of his twenty years' service as an officer of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. In 1899 he married the Honourable Susan Baring, a daughter of the first Baron Revelstoke.

in 1850, and "F.R.C.P." in 1864. The junior member of the "Physicians Extraordinary," Sir Thomas Barlow, is an "M.D." of London University.

In the person of Lord Lister, F.R.C.S., the Royal Household has for its

"SERGEANT SURGEON"

one of the foremost members of the medical profession living, and a man whose fame for his discoveries in the antiseptic treatment of diseases is world-wide. He received his appointment in 1900. Among the numerous Professorships which he holds are those of Surgery at King's College, London, and at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Lord Lister is also President of the Royal Society.

Of the "Surgeons Extraordinary" to the Royal Household, the best-known, perhaps, is Mr. Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S. He was appointed last year, on his return from active service with the forces in South Africa. Under the title of "A Tale of a Field-Hospital," he has lately published a volume embodying his experiences while thus engaged

HE IS ONE OF THE FINEST OPERATING SURGEONS

of the day, and he greatly helped the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.) to recover the use of his leg after the serious injury to his knee. The other "Surgeons Extraordinary" are Sir Thomas Smith, Bart., F.R.C.S., and Mr. Thomas Bryant, F.R.C.S.

Among the remainder of the medical department of the Royal Household, the chief positions are occupied by Sir Francis Henry Laking, K.C.V.O., M.D. ("Surgeon Apothecary"); Sir Edwin Saunders, F.R.C.S. ("Surgeon Dentist"); and Mr. George Lawson, F.R.C.S. ("Surgeon Oculist"). Sir Francis Laking has also the honour of being attached to the Household of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. His medical training was chiefly carried out at Heidelberg. On returning to this country, he entered the school conducted in connection with the St. George's Hospital, and graduated there with the highest distinction. He is a great authority on diseases of the eye.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE IMAGE-MAKER.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.



N the town of Zaandam, in North Holland, over against the great city of Amsterdam, and divided therefrom only by the North Sea Canal and the last smoother reaches of the Zaan, there lived for seven years, and last year died, a man named Melchior van Helst.

That, I should say, is the name he called himself by; in Zaandam he was rarely if ever alluded to as Mynheer van Helst, but as the Image-Maker. Jan Bol, the flour-merchant, and Mynheer Erhard Ruyseelingh, the banker, the two Zaandamers whom their fellow-citizens held to be the most widely and thoroughly acquainted with other people's affairs, averred unhesitatingly that Mynheer van Helst was not a Hollander at all; and Mynheer Ruyseelingh even went so far as to say that the Image-Maker was a Spaniard, probably a Jew, and, if not, a Jesuit. The good banker believed that all people who were not Hollanders and Protestants—that is, all who assumed the Holland way and tongue and citizenship, and were subject to the Sovereign of the Netherlands—were either Jews or Jesuits, and very likely were also Spanish mercenaries or German spies. He never explained what either Spain or Germany would want with mercenaries or spies in the Holland of to-day, or why Jews and Jesuits were necessarily superfluous when not actively evil agents. What was the good of being Burgomaster and chief banker in Zaandam if he had to explain the why and wherefore of his views? Those of other people were opinions; his were convictions.

Melchior van Helst was called the Image-Maker because, for export no doubt, he made, in marble, clay, wood, and other materials, figures of the Three Persons of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and Saints according to demand, and also because in terra-cotta and tinted clays, in stained wood, and even in ivory, he wrought strange and fantastic images of grotesque gods, heathen folk with unfamiliar names, pagan follies, and Japanese and mediæval monsters in miniature, with, it was hinted darkly, monstrosities of an uglier kind.

No one knew who bought these things. Foreigners sometimes were seen entering his little house in the Westzaanpad—a pleasant, green-shimmering cottage sideway to the west of the Zaan—and later to emerge with parcels done up in brown paper, fastened with a yellow ribbon-like string affected by Mynheer van Helst, and with the ends sealed in chemist-fashion. Occasionally, too, well-to-do folk from Amsterdam, Leyden, Delft, Haarlem, and elsewhere, inspected his strange assortment, and, doubtless, took away or ordered to be sent one or other of the Image-Maker's carved fantasticalities. Every quarter, the agents of curio-dealers, or the principals themselves, visited him from Amsterdam, La Hague, Rotterdam, and even from Belgian Flanders. Twice every year, on Christmas Day and on Midsummer's Day, Melchior van Helst locked his front-door and went to Amsterdam—no one knew where in that city, or if the Image-Maker merely traversed it—for three days.

It was not till after Melchior van Helst had been a citizen of Zaandam for more than four years that Banker Ruyseelingh and Miller Bol and other civic gossips began to note the not infrequent visitings to the Image-Maker of folk who could have no need of graven grotesqueries and no interest in Madonnas and Saints. What could fisher-folk and field-people and farm-servants want with such things? Rough-coated Frisians now and then came south by the boat from Alkmaar, or across country from Hoorn; canal-boat or the old diligence from Monnikendam brought heavy, blue-eyed peasants from Waterland; or even, once in a way, sea-booted and knickerbockered and blue-jerseyed and quaint-capped fishermen from the Island of Marken.

What could this mean? Miller Bol suggested smuggling, and hinted that the Government was being defrauded by many guilders annually. Banker Ruyseelingh discerned a far-reaching and momentous system of espionage, combined with usurious money-lending. Pastor Jacobus van Hoëk, who had never liked the Image-Maker, as he had not entered a place of worship since he had settled in Zaandam, casually remarked that the practice of sorcery had not passed away with the Middle Ages.

Yet, as Mynheer van Helst paid punctually all his dues, whether to the baker or the tax-collector, and owed no man anything, and subscribed moderately to any public fund headed with the Burgomaster's name and donation, and gave nowise any cause of public scandal, and was, moreover, ever courteous in his very taciturnity and dignified in his abstention from all social functions, there was no ground for open complaint.

For myself, I heard first of the Image-Maker when I was with a friend in Waterland. I had set myself a pleasant walk: that from the unduly praised and uninteresting village of Broek along the canal-banks to the old town of Monnikendam, where my friend was painting the great grey Kirk among its ever-murmurous green cohort of poplars and vast ancient elms. I was lying under one of these and listening to the droning of a wild bee as he flitted this way and that above the moss and woodruff, when I was aware of someone moving near, and a few seconds later heard two voices.

"Well, if you don't know what you want, but want it, want it, want it more than you can say . . . you must just go to the Image-Maker at Zaandam."

I half rose and glanced at the two who passed. One was a young man, a Hollander, though not like one, for he was dark and slim; the other, who had spoken, was an old man, poorly clad, and clearly a peasant. I heard no more, but the words impressed me. Later, I repeated them to my friend, and he told me about the Image-Maker at Zaandam and the somewhat mysterious reputation he had won in addition to that as a carver of fantastical oddities.

A week or two later, just after Midsummer's Day, I was seated with my friend in the Rembrandtsplein in Amsterdam, that old and now unfashionable public square, with its green trees and trim paths and immense statue of the greatest of Flemish artists, The Rembrandtsplein is in the heart of Jewry, and the well-to-do Amsterdammers do not affect it much. I had been watching a group of children playing sedately, and a fine-looking elderly couple, a grey-haired artisan and his wife, seated silently on a bench, but hand-in-hand, when my wandering gaze was attracted by a remarkable face.

The man I looked at was exceptionally tall, though the impression of extreme height was, perhaps, lessened by a noticeable stoop. His head seemed too heavy for his body, and, when he walked, hung strangely forward. But when I saw him he was seated. He was alone, on a bench under a trimmed willow, facing the huge bronze statue of Rembrandt. He was much darker than any Hollanders I had seen; but this was an impression due to his dusky eyes and the heavy mass of coarse, bushy, black hair which added to the size of his head, for his skin was of an extraordinary whiteness. It was literally the whitest face I had ever seen, and was as colourless and opaque as clay. I noticed his long white hands, with their nervous fingers, and decided that, if he were not a musician, he was an artist of some kind.

"Look at that strange face," I said to my friend, instinctively whispering.

"It is Melchior van Helst," he answered.

"What is he . . . is he a musician?"

"He is the man I told you about at Monnikendam. He is the Image-Maker of Zaandam."

While my friend was speaking, van Helst had risen. He stood still for a few seconds, and then, to my intense surprise, raised his right arm and shook it menacingly at, as I thought, the statue of Rembrandt. At the same time, his white face was convulsed by passionate anger, and there was a look of hate in his flaming eyes that was nothing short of dreadful.

We both stared at him, amazed. The next moment, his arm had fallen to his side, his face ceased its convulsive working and became again an impassive blank wall, and from his sombre eyes the vivid flame abruptly waned. When, a few seconds later, he slowly approached us, he showed a dignity of mien and a composure so controlled that it was difficult to believe we had seen aright.

Mynheer van Helst recognised my friend, and, in courtesy rather than in goodwill, stopped. He bowed ceremoniously when I was introduced.

"You are English?" he said, speaking my language with an intonation which struck me as singularly unlike that of a Hollander. "And are you an artist, like our friend here—a painter, I should say?"

"No, Mynheer, I am not an artist. But why did you correct yourself? Is not a painter an artist?"

"Yes, if he be a good painter. But an artist is not necessarily a painter. There are other artists than those who use the brush or the chisel, the burin or the pen."

"Mynheer van Helst is such an one, I know."

"I was not alluding to my craftsman's work," he answered coldly.

"But it is true that I am an artist otherwise than with my carving implements."

"In what way?" asked my friend curiously.

"In the lost arts of prolonging life and expediting death."

The man spoke quite simply, and gazed at us with steadfast eyes.

My friend looked grave, and then said slowly—

"Yes, and it is a dangerous speciality, Mynheer van Helst."

The Image-Maker smiled—that is, a gleam came and went in the dusky, inscrutable eyes above the white face.

"May I send you a little gift, Mynheer Andreas Terbrinck? You were good enough to house me and refresh me that day of the terrible thunderstorm, when we met in Alkmaar, and I wish to add to my indebtedness by making your courtesy the occasion of a further pleasure to myself."

My friend Andreas bowed. "It is uncalled for, Mynheer," he said; "but, if it is your will, it would be churlish of me not to accept your gift with pleasure."

"You will receive it to-morrow, if not to-night," van Helst said; and then, after a parting salutation, left us. For some time we discussed the strange action of the Image-Maker in his seeming menace against the statue of Rembrandt, but could make nothing of it. My friend, indeed, doubted if the threatening gesture had been intended for the statue, and suggested that it might have been meant for someone in one of the houses beyond.

That night, late, Andreas Terbrinck received a small package. He

opened it, and I saw a flush rise to his forehead. I could discern nothing beyond that the carved wood represented a man dying, apparently in terrible agony, as from poison.

Startled by my friend's expression, I urged him to tell me why he was so perturbed by a mere piece of gruesome fantasy.

Briefly, he told me, what some weeks before I had guessed, that he was profoundly unhappy. He had been betrothed to a handsome and distinguished girl in La Hague, but, just as he was anticipating a speedy fulfilment of the engagement, Lucilla van Arendt had broken with him, and in favour of a young man, the only son of a wealthy Burgomaster in Leyden.

The wooden image which Melchior van Helst had sent to him as a gift represented—with extraordinary verisimilitude, Andreas assured me—this man, Willem Vandervelde.

I was surprised, but, naturally, did not consider the coincidence sufficient to warrant the marked perturbation of my friend.

"This is not a coincidence," he replied. "Melchior van Helst has in some way come to know my story; and, in knowing that, he has discerned what is in my heart."

"What is that, Andreas?"

"Nothing," said Terbrinck brusquely; adding, with a singular and uncalled-for rudeness: "That concerns him and me, not you."

I was amazed at the change in my friend, but said no more. I rose soon and went to bed, and next morning I bade him good-bye, as, I said, I wished to prowl about in the galleries and old book-shops with a greater freedom than was possible for me as a guest. Terbrinck seemed too preoccupied to heed what I said, and contented himself with a quietly indifferent good-bye.

Three days later, I made up my mind to shift my quarters to Zaandam. The June heats were bringing out the June smells of Amsterdam, and I feared what July would reveal.

Before I left, I went to the Saphira Straat, where Andreas had his studio. I hoped to see him, to say *au revoir*.

An old man whom he employed told me that Mynheer Terbrinck had, for the last three days, spent his whole working-time at a house overlooking the Rembrandtplein, but that only a little ago he had returned, put some things in a bag, and left for The Hague.

I was very glad to leave Amsterdam, and to feel on my face the fresh air of the Noord-Zee Kanaal. As the small screw-steamer forged swiftly up the smooth canal-like estuary of the Zaan, after its junction with the great waterway which makes an island of North Holland, I watched, with ever-enhanced pleasure, the picturesque sloops and barges drifting down-stream with the slow current, or tacking up-stream with brown sails bellying to a fresh south-westerly wind. The immense skies of Holland reached with splendid and majestic curves of grey and blue and deeper blue into a dome which seemed the more remote and vast because its immeasurable expanse suspended over so small and tenuous a land, a land of low meadows and wide salt-pastures, where apparently the keels of phantom vessels moved lightly and silently through long reaches of grass and waving sedge. Against the soft-grey horizon beyond me I despaired windmill after windmill, ten, twelve, a score—then others beyond, and here, there, everywhere, slow-revolving fans.

There is no haven in Holland more picturesque and charming than that of Zaandam; and when I had alighted at the little wooden wharf which did duty as a pier, and made my way to the river-facing, trellised, terraced, and generally alluring tavern, the Gasthuis of the Gouden Zon, I felt well content to have left behind me the noise and heat of crowded Amsterdam.

Next morning, as I sat on the little terrace, sipping my coffee, I was startled to read in the *Zaandamische Gazette* that a well-known young Mynheer of Leyden, Willem Vandervelde, had been murdered the previous night. His body, with the face terribly mutilated, had been found early in the evening in an alley of the Bosch, not half-a-mile out of La Hague. There was no clue to the murderer, except a fragment of a carved wooden figure which was found near the body, but which, of course, was not necessarily connected with the crime.

Deeply perturbed, I thought at first of returning to Amsterdam to satisfy myself that Andreas Terbrinck had nothing to do with this murder, despite the inevitable association of him with the thought of it—a coincidence which terrified me. Then I remembered that he had gone to Leyden, and my heart sank. Suddenly it flashed upon me that I might see Melchior van Helst, if, as was probable, he had returned to his house in Zaandam.

It was quite easy to find the pleasant and quiet little Westzaanpad, and the first urchin I met promptly pointed out the low double-cottage where the Image-Maker lived.

Melchior van Helst was in the further portion, that where he worked.

He looked up as I entered, but did not rise. To my surprise, for I knew how ceremonious he was, he did not return my salutation, but resumed his carving.

"Mynheer van Helst," I said gravely, "can you give me any word of my friend, Andreas Terbrinck?"

"No," he answered simply.

"Have you seen the paper this morning? No? Well, a terrible murder has been committed. The victim is young Willem Vandervelde, of Leyden—the man who was about to marry Lucilla van Arendt, to whom my friend Andreas had been engaged."

The Image-Maker looked at me quietly and unconcernedly, and asked, in an indifferent voice, if the murderer had been found.

By an impulse, I exclaimed, "The real murderer lives in Zaandam!"

Melchior van Helst turned his strange, dusky eyes upon me. "Ah . . . indeed?"

"Yes—yes—I believe so," I stammered, taken aback by his composure.

"You should inform the police at once, my friend. Any definite clue would be invaluable."

A swift anger seized me. "You know well, Mynheer van Helst," I exclaimed, "what is in my mind."

"It does not interest me," he said quietly, and turned again to his wood-carving.

Well, I may say at once that I did not go to the police. After all, I could have informed only on the basis of an incredible supposition. Nor, I may also add at once, did I need to go to Amsterdam to seek my friend, for in a late edition of a Leyden paper (which I bought on my way back to the Gouden Zon) I was shocked to see that Andreas Terbrinck had committed suicide. His body had been found in the Bosch, not half-a-mile from where his victim had fallen.

Last year I was in Zaandam again. Melchior van Helst was dead. Many rumours, all of a tragic and some of a terrible kind, had gathered about his name, and for months before his awful death the Image-Maker was shunned by everyone.

Who he was has never been ascertained. All that could be inferred from a few scattered and incomplete letters and manuscript notes was that Melchior van Helst was an assumed name, and that he was an Italian of the Levant. He had come to Holland as a kind of private physician to a Greek Prince, whose tragic and criminal but inexplicable end made so great a scandal in Amsterdam many years ago.

The carved figures in his workshop were destroyed by the police on the order of the Burgomaster. They were all of a strange and evil suggestiveness, and some were horrible, monstrous.

It was not there, however, that the Image-Maker met his death. His body was found in a room of a barely furnished suite of three apartments which for years he had rented, though only very rarely occupied; in a house whose back-windows looked upon the Rembrandtplein, and just behind the great bronze statue of Rembrandt.

In the room where he was found there was nothing save a gigantic crucifix. This had been affixed to the east wall. What differentiated it from any other crucifix was that in his right hand the Crucified One held an iron spear.

This huge crucifix of iron and wood had suddenly fallen, that was obvious. It had fallen so as to pin the Image-Maker to the ground, just at the ankles, from behind. The iron spear had crashed downwards, pierced the man between the shoulders, and was wedged in the wood beneath his breast, as he lay face downward.

As a work of art, this crucifix, which has been restored, is considered to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Image-Maker of Zaandam.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

This early and hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Henry Irving is particularly interesting on account of the marked resemblance it bears to Mr. H. B. Irving, the elder son of our stage Knight. Mr. H. B. Irving



SIR HENRY IRVING (TAKEN ABOUT 1874), SHOWING HIS RESEMBLANCE TO HIS CLEVER SON, "H. B."

is well known to all London playgoers as the right-hand man of Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre. Even his celebrated father, a very severe critic indeed, admits that "Harry can act." He is appearing in "The Awakening," the new play by Haddon Chambers at the St. James's Theatre.

SOME BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

IN a recent number of *The Sketch* a forecast was given of some of the most important books promised for publication during the present year. The first month of this year has, however, opened badly, due probably to the reaction which has followed the busy Christmas season, and partly to the unsettled condition of affairs abroad, and now, alas! to the loss of our beloved Queen. During January, no work of primary importance has been published, but there has been issued a statistical statement of great interest showing the number of new books and new editions issued during 1900. From these tables I find that in that period there have been 211 less new books and 217 new editions, showing a falling-off of five per cent. in the output, as compared with the books published in the previous year. The

LARGEST FALLING-OFF WAS IN FICTION;

the number decreased by 450 volumes. This is a point for congratulation, for it looks as though authors were tired of spending their money

answer to these letters, we have "An Englishman's Love-Letters" (Unicorn Press). More, probably, will follow, now that a passing taste for this kind of literature has been started.

A BRIGHT AND CHATTY VOLUME,

and one which will amuse and interest the readers of *The Sketch*, is "Eccentricities of Genius," by Major J. B. Pond (Chatto and Windus). This famous American lecture-agent has compiled a volume of memories of famous men and women of the platform and stage. Major Pond's connection with "stars" distinguished in every department of public life has given him the opportunity of presenting some ninety cameobiographies of preachers, actors and actresses, singers, explorers, and politicians, which he has enriched with many capital anecdotes and sketches. These include Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving, Matthew Arnold, and others.

IN "WELLINGTON'S MEN," BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT
(SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.),

this trenchant writer has here produced a series of pen-portraits of some of the soldiers who fought at Waterloo. He also attempts a description of the battles as seen by the eyes of the men who fought them. The



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS (MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS), WHO PLAYS ALICE AT THE VAUDEVILLE, AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, WHO HOPES TO RESUME HIS PART OF THE MAD HATTER VERY SHORTLY, HAVING ALMOST RECOVERED FROM HIS SERIOUS ILLNESS.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

upon producing books which nobody wants and nobody but the authors' friends read. Romance-writers cannot all be Rudyard Kiplings, to command

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS PER NOVEL, OR TWO SHILLINGS PER WORD,

for serial rights only. That sum Kipling is receiving for his new story, "Kim," appearing in *Cassell's Magazine*. It is pleasing to record that an increase has taken place in the number of books published upon travel, history, and the Fine Arts. The book for which there has been during the month the greatest demand and round which a large amount of interesting speculation has circled is

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS" (JOHN MURRAY), of which twenty-five thousand have been sold. Its authorship still remains a mystery, and its admirers are dividing themselves into separate camps of speculation. One camp declares the letters are written by a man, another by a woman; some say they are true, others that they are fiction. The book, although a very melancholy one, is prettily produced, with its dainty white binding and green silk ribbons. The writer of the letters was evidently very enthusiastic in her affection. In one of her letters she thus writes: "If you could change or go out of my life, the sun would drop out of my heavens. I should see the world with a great piece gashed out of its side; my share of it gone. No, I could not see it; I don't think I should see anything ever again—not truly." As an

author of this volume, who a few years ago was a Methodist minister in Australia, and known only as the author of a pamphlet entitled "Deeds that Won the Empire," has now made for himself a name as chronicler of battles and events which have assisted in making England great.

IN FICTION,

one of the most exciting works published is "In the name of a Woman," by A. W. Marchmont (Longmans and Co.). This is a story of Russian intrigue in Bulgaria, and, although politics and conspiracy largely dominate its pages, yet its love-scenes and adventures are realistic and fascinating.

A work in imaginative fiction, and one which owes its origin to the present popular interest in war and the defences of England, is

"THE COMING WATERLOO," BY CAPTAIN CAIRNES
(CONSTABLE AND CO.).

This volume is by the author of "The Absent-Minded War," a book which has directed so much attention upon the red-tape and want of proper organisation at the War Office. The present work describes an imaginary attack upon our shores, with its consequent results and the lessons to be drawn from them. It is pleasing to record that, amid the host of fiction now published, our old authors are not forgotten. I notice that three different publishers have started the issue of new editions of the works of Sir Walter Scott, namely, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, and Messrs. A. and C. Black.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE lamented death of Queen Victoria and the accession of King Edward VII. naturally form the literary theme of the hour.

And it is but due to the Editors of the leading newspapers to congratulate them upon the general excellence of their memoirs, which many will treasure as souvenirs of two great historic events.

I hear that there is a prospect of a newspaper edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia." Advertised by the new method and sold on the instalment plan, this should have a great sale. It is generally admitted that the sale of books through newspapers shows distinct signs of falling off, but this is probably due to the fact that a large number of possible purchasers do not care to enter into fresh liabilities until they have paid off the instalments due on the volumes they received many months ago. This was, I know, the case in America, and these special offers were withdrawn for quite a long time to allow of a general settling of accounts.

Captain Cairnes, whose admirable military biography of Lord Roberts is being very favourably received, has written a book which is likely to prove a second "Battle of Dorking." The idea of "The Coming Waterloo" is excellently suited for the present state of mind, and the book should certainly be brought to the notice of General Mercier. There is enough semblance of fiction and enough conversation to make appeal to the general reader, and the descriptions of the war with France are excellent and convincing. The whole book is distinctly readable, and, as was to be expected from an expert of Captain Cairnes' standing, most instructive and enlightening. There is one point, however, which he does not make quite clear, and that is why the German Army was allowed to commit a breach of neutrality by marching across the Belgian frontier to attack Paris from the North-East. The general scheme of Waterloo seems to have been followed pretty closely, allowing, of course, for the many changes in the method of warfare, but in this fictional instance the Prussians arrived after the French had begun peace negotiations.

The most striking passage in "The Coming Waterloo" is the description of the night-attack of the English by electric searchlight—

Behind, they could hear the humming of the dynamos in their little armoured shelters; no other noise could be heard, with the exception of an occasional smothered cough or whisper from the line of troops, or the click of a rifle-lock or bayonet as a man shifted his position. Against each of the fragile-looking steel poles carrying the electric searchlights leant a sapper, motionless, evidently alive to the importance of the duty which was about to fall to his share.

There was a short pause. Suddenly, the electric searchlights flooded the whole valley with their brilliant light, making every detail absolutely as clear as day. Great masses of dark-blue infantry could be seen little more than half a mile away, crowded all along both sides of the River Lys, at that time of the year easily fordable; more infantry were moving like long blue snakes down the roads and tracks leading from the opposite crest into the valley. Along the heights opposite were numerous guns, some in position, others moving into position, the men, guns, and horses being clearly shown in the merciless, blinding, paralysing glare of the electric light. Walter, through his glasses, could plainly see the excitement with which all these men were seized as the light struck them: the infantry, springing to their feet, sheltering their eyes from the dazzling brilliancy, running this way and that, like men distracted.

But with the white blaze of light came the more deadly bullet.

Major Pond's account of his experiences as a lecture-agent, published under the title "The Eccentricities of Genius," is full of interesting things, but suffers considerably from padding of the most annoying description. Some hundred pages, at the least, must be filled with flamboyant descriptions of the various lectures, lifted bodily from American local news-sheets, and of no earthly interest or importance to the general reader. If Major Pond had confined himself to personal reminiscences of the men and women he has introduced to the lecture-platform, and had not attempted historical and geographical summaries of their travels, interspersed with full particulars of the number of dollars taken at the doors, his book would have appealed at once to the gossip-loving public. As it is, one has to wade through a good deal before he comes across such a delectable tit-bit as—

Mr. F. Marion Crawford never patronises a local laundry. He has two leather trunks, made to order, that hold two dozen shirts; when one trunk-full of shirts has been used, he sends them to New York to be laundered, and the other trunk of fresh shirts arrives by express in time for his need.

The novelist carries a hand-valise that he had made to order, with very long handles, so that it barely clears the pavement when carried. This enables him to get through a crowd without annoying others with his valise, for it is never in the way. His silver monogram is on every article of his toilet and writing-equipment and his travelling-bags.

He wants his room at a temperature of sixty degrees, and so has it. He is very kind and polite to servants, and sees to it that each one who serves him is justly rewarded; not only pecuniarily, but with kind words.

Mr. Crawford asks the name of every servant or waiter who attends him, and addresses him by his name; and, if he has occasion to refer to any hotel where he has been, he can recall the name of the one who served him.

He always has a drawing-room in the sleeping-car, and I know of only one instance in a journey of seven thousand miles where he failed to secure one. He arranges his drawing-room in exactly the same way as his hotel-room. He has a hanging alarm-clock that is always in sight.

Major Pond is delightfully outspoken about the success—or failure—of his lecturers, and his reminiscences of Matthew Arnold, Mr. Zangwill, and Mr. Anthony Hope are particularly good reading. Of Dr. Conan Doyle, Major Pond makes the significant statement: "I would give him more money to-day than any Englishman I know of if he would return for a hundred nights."

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"La Reine est Morte!"—Silent Eloquence—Ill News—The Queen's Fortune—The Magic of Her Name—Royal Telepathy—"Vive le Roi!"—An Annus Mirabilis.

THE Victorian Era is at an end. Avowedly *The Sketch* loves the bright side of life. It keeps in the background the sorrows which the world hears of without the aid of illustrated papers. But this moment is supreme; there is only one subject. True, it has been said that the English Press has not risen to the occasion, that we must look to the Continental newspapers for eloquent expressions of sorrow and regard. What greater proof is needed of the agony which has thrilled us? This is the eloquence of silence. Only on the stage do the words of those in acute suffering bear the tests of dramatic and literary criticism.

Fas est ab hoste doceri. It has been declared in the House of Commons that the name of Royalty paralyses criticism in this country. Sometimes, perhaps, the courtier gets the better of the impartial historian. But that our opinions of Queen Victoria as woman, if not as Queen, are unbiased, we have unanswerable proof. The passionate Anglophobe journal, the Socialist "yellow newspaper," have vied with our ablest leader-writers in acclaiming her virtues. An objectionable third-rate French paper refuses to discuss the political consequences of the Queen's death as "impertinent" at such a time.

How suddenly it has come! When Louis Quatorze, passing a cemetery, observed, "Remember, gentlemen, that I too am mortal," his courtiers laughed together, and vowed that Monsieur would have his joke. Yet had we not almost lived as if Queen Victoria were immortal? All through the Saturday night on which the first alarming telegram aroused London, great writers sat up—some of them till late on Sunday—working at the biographies and "special editions" which only then were seen to be urgently wanted. Horace Greeley, the great journalist, said that the public gradually assimilated news; it wanted the same news day after day. The truth about the Queen had been purposely held back till the last moment; it broke upon us so suddenly that we are only grasping it now.

Only now probably will the late Queen's liberality be known. Rumours that twelve millions or twenty millions had been saved were mythical—three or four should be nearer the truth. Only for wise investments at the beginning of the reign (largely directed by the Prince Consort), little could have been saved from the Civil List and the other sources of the Royal income, considering the endless expenses of a Sovereign of England and the enormous number of family connections. Those Members of Parliament who, under oath of secrecy, examined into the Queen's fortune, have admitted that it was nothing like the popular estimate.

Courtiers of the Sovereigns of the House of Orleans affected to believe in a divine effulgence from the Royal eyes which paralysed all who looked upon them. To pay tribute to the electric world-influence of the person of the Queen is but to relate the history of England for the past sixty years. At this moment, the earth is heralding the dawn of the inventor's latest triumph—that aerial telegraphy with which the very air around us is throbbing. Yet the greatest telegraphy of all has been the magic magnetism of the Queen, which has not merely linked Empires together, but has, perhaps, kept intact the United Kingdom itself.

Wondrous telepathy! It stands pre-eminent above the boasted marvels of the nineteenth century, for the grand feature of the Victorian Era has been Queen Victoria herself. Intangible, invisible, it has stood the test of distance, climate, storm, and war. Statesmen have been but the electricians to guide the mystical influence to great ends. Like most great and good things, it is above scientific explanation. "I have never seen a soul," says the Doctor in "The Physician." He might have said the same of that loyalty which has made "Queen's Birthday" the fête-day of the year to Colonists who could not hope ever to see either England or the Queen.

It may console us—if consolation is possible—not only to feel that the Queen has died well stricken in years, covered with glory and beloved and respected by every nation in the world, but that her place will be ably filled and that the direct succession is in no danger. Necessarily, the *entourage* of the King must be, to a great extent, different from that of her late Majesty; Court ceremonial under the new régime will be modernised and the bestowal of patronage changed. Happily, the King inherits that tact and statecraft which have done so much to build up the Empire, and his influence will still be for peace. His daily life will, of course, be largely affected by the strict rules of Court etiquette and the "majesty which doth hedge a King."

The dawn of a new century, the Transvaal War, the Federation of a Continent, and now the close of the Victorian Era, make this for England an *annus mirabilis*. We have to speak of the twentieth, not the nineteenth century; the Australian Commonwealth, not Colonies; the Vaal River Colony, not the Transvaal; and lastly, of the King, not the Prince of Wales. It is a sensational moment in our history.

HILL ROWAN.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE WEST-END THEATRES WERE CLOSED

when the grievous news of Queen Victoria's death reached London. Drury Lane re-opened on Saturday last. It was a considerate act on the part of town Managers to decide that the chief playhouses should be re-opened next Monday. They close, of course, the day of Her Majesty's funeral. The Music-Halls, especially on the Surrey side, and certain of the suburban theatres, re-opened last Thursday night. On all the places of amusement re-opening after the funeral, there will be on every stage a grand loyal outburst before the performance in honour of His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., the stage's best friend. Long life to him!

VERDI.

Signor Verdi, who has latterly been out of health, had an attack of apoplexy on the 21st inst. at Milan, and died, alas! in that city last Sunday morning. Born near Parma, in 1814, the great Italian composer began his career as a pianist at Milan. Then, studying composition, he produced several operas, his gift of melody eventually leading to his becoming the most famous of modern Italian composers. His "Trovatore" was the most popular opera of modern times, "Traviata" brims over with beautiful melodies, and "Rigoletto" was a very fine work, the quartette in that opera being an inspiration worthy of any composer. Some of his earlier operas are now seldom heard, but "Un Ballo in Maschera," and, recently, his "Otello" and "Falstaff," are splendid examples of his genius, the latter opera being remarkable for the success with which the composer has caught the humour of Shakspere's comedy. The Eastern colouring and dramatic power of "Aïda" cause that opera to be still popular. It was performed several times at the Royal Opera last season. Less success was achieved in "Macbeth," but portions were fine. Verdi has written some sacred works of the highest merit, his Requiem dedicated to Manzoni, and performed a few years ago at the Albert Hall, being a masterpiece. He contemplated using Shakspere's "Lear" as an operatic libretto, but said recently that it was "too late to attempt it when past eighty-six years of age." He was truly the "Grand Old Man" of modern music. He loved his art, and had the warmest regard for his fellow-musicians, having spent thirty thousand pounds to erect an asylum for aged and decayed musicians. It is open to vocalists, instrumentalists, composers, and teachers of all countries. A handsome, cultivated, and genial man, Verdi had won the affection of all who knew him. His noble, intellectual head has frequently been depicted by sculptors and painters.

THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

of which Mr. Findon, dramatic critic of the *Morning Advertiser*, is President, is to be congratulated upon its cosy new Club-rooms in a central and handy position, 6, Clement's Inn, Strand. There is plenty of room for the new O. P. Club, which meets at the Adelphi Hotel, and for the old Playgoers' Club. Success to both!

MR ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

an accomplished journalist and a remarkably clever speaker, whom it is always a pleasure to listen to, has the best wishes of his brother Pressmen for his success as a playwright. An original four-act piece, written by Mr. Robbins and Mr. Paul Morrice, is to be produced at the Métropole Theatre, Camberwell, on Monday, Feb. 25. The scene is to be laid in Mr. Robbins's picturesque native county of Cornwall, and fine moorland scenery is being painted for the drama, which is to be taken on tour in the first instance in the North of England.

THE MUSKETEER CONCERT PARTY.

bearing the names of the most popular characters in "The Three Musketeers," will present a fresh and attractive musical entertainment at a series of matinées to be given by MM. Bertram Wallis and Herbert Clayton at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

LITTLE MISS CISSIE DRYDEN,

most refined of young girl artistes, confirmed the great success she secured at Croydon during her engagement last week at the notably handsome and comfortable new Grand Theatre of Varieties at Clapham

Junction, close to the London and South-Western Railway Station. With marvellous grace and cleverness for one so youthful, and with exemplary good taste, Miss Cissie Dryden sings her deservedly popular Drummer Boy's song, her Masher's ditty, and admirable Jockey's chanson—the last-named a vivid descriptive piece glorifying the prowess of our British jockeys. In brilliant jockey's cap and shirt, top-boots, and costume complete, and wielding the whip as if to the manner born, this gem of a singer furnishes just the sort of "star turn" which would rejoice the heart of Mr. Charles Morton, of the Palace. Take my tip, Mr. Morton, and add another to your laurels by being first to engage this little genius for a West-End "Hall."

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW'S BOOK OF PLAYS.

To our limited library of printed modern plays, Mr. Bernard Shaw makes an interesting addition with his "Three Plays for Puritans," namely, "The Devil's Disciple," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Why "Plays for Puritans"? one may ask, and, although the audacious author offers an explanation in a lengthy, interesting, weird preface, the question must remain unanswered; probably "G. B. S." himself does not know. The first play, of course, is well known, since it has been presented by Mr. Murray Carson and also by Mr. Forbes-Robertson; and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" has been played twice at Penley's Theatre by the Stage Society, and is such an effective, if strange, piece of work that it is likely to be put on some day for a run. "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is a dazzling work, quite unjudgable. In pretence it is an historical comedy; in execution a fantastic mixture of burlesque buffoonery and vivid character-sketch. In flagrant defiance of the French phrase, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," the dramatist draws attention in a preface to his anachronisms, and tries to explain them away—why, it is hard to say. For at present the world does not take "G. B. S." seriously as a dramatist—despite his splendid gifts—and demands no explanation or defence. So long as he produces works so delightfully irritating, so alluringly perverse, so amazingly clever and astoundingly wrong, and, above all, so deliciously amusing, as the three plays, his publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, ought to sell very many copies of the plays, two of which, despite their eccentricity, will sooner or later achieve great success on the stage, while all will be popular in the library.

MISS FLORENCE WYKES

is the bright, particular star of the sparkling pantomime at the Dalston Theatre (which is exceptionally accessible, as it adjoins the Dalston Junction Railway Station of the North London Line). She makes a really charming Cinderella. In addition to her grace and good looks, Miss Florence Wykes possesses a remarkably sweet voice and shines as a songstress of considerable merit. You should hear her sing her dulet flower-song, "A Pure White Rose." You may take it from *The Sketch*, which enjoys the

reputation it blushes to own of being no mean judge of female beauty, that this dainty little Cinderella is far prettier than she appears to be in the photograph on the next page. In a large measure through the talent and fascinations of Miss Florence Wykes' "Cinderella," who captivates numbers besides the Prince of the pantomime, this Dalston version of the favourite nursery-story has "caught on" so well that matinées have been given on Thursdays and Saturdays, as well as the night performances.

MISS LILLIE BELMORE,

who died at Birmingham the other day, had been engaged as one of the Ugly Sisters in "Cinderella," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in that city. Almost immediately after the production of what, judging from all accounts that have reached me, is one of the best pantomimes Birmingham has ever seen, Miss Belmore fell ill, and had to resign her part to her understudy, Miss Maud Magna. After an absence of some days, Miss Belmore pluckily struggled back, but almost immediately afterwards had to take to her bed again. Rheumatic-fever was at first feared to be the nature of an illness which for some time puzzled the best medical opinion, but the ultimate cause of death was heart-disease.

MISS DORA MANN

started miniature-painting just four years ago, with the result that the first four miniatures she did were immediately exhibited at the Grafton Galleries, in a show of the Society of Miniaturists, to which she ultimately



SIGNOR VERDI, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN COMPOSER.

Photo by Ferrario, Milan.

belonged. The only tuition in miniature-painting Miss Mann received was during a quarter-of-an-hour's interview with the late Mr. Heath, the Queen's Miniature-painter, who told her to persevere and she should do well. Her miniatures have been exhibited at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, York, the Modern Gallery in Bond Street, the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and the Royal Academy, but her greatest desire is to follow in the steps of Lady Butler, and her greatest ambition to go to South Africa and paint the battlefields there.

MORE ANECDOTES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE QUEEN AT HOME.

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT of *The Sketch* writes: It was my privilege to visit the Queen's Household under many conditions. I was the personal acquaintance of both Sir Henry Ponsonby and Sir John Cowell, and, no doubt, they were very friendly in obtaining Her Majesty's permission for me to record many of those doings which are not always made public in the Press. On one occasion, there were *tableaux vivants* at Osborne, and the Managing Director of the paper on which I was then engaged asked me to go down to the Isle of Wight and give an account of the entertainment. I told him that I thought the matter impossible, but, as he left the arrangement to me, I arrived in Cowes on a snowy day in January with faint hope of success. I was one of the two journalists—the other, Mr. Webster, of the Press Association—allowed to pass the lodge-gates of Osborne without challenge from the police, thanks in a great measure to Mr. Charles Fraser—"the Guardian of the Queen," as he has been called. On arrival at the House, I was confronted by Sir Henry Ponsonby—one of

MISS ISABEL JAY, OF THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From a Miniature Painting by Miss Dora Mann.

the most genial men in the world. "I know what you have come for," he said; "but I'm afraid you're out of it this time. However, I'll ask Someone." I knew what he meant. Just then, Sir John Cowell, a kind and exquisite gentleman, came in and suggested a bowl of mulled port in the billiard-room, where we were joined by Admiral Fullerton, Captain of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, who had on that very



MISS FLORENCE WYKES, THE MELODIOUS AND GRACEFUL CINDERELLA AT THE DALSTON THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

day obtained his promotion. We drank the health of the Queen and the new Admiral. Meantime, I waited in anxiety.

SOMEONE'S PERMISSION.

About three hours after my arrival at Osborne House, Sir Henry Ponsonby appeared in the billiard-room. "It's all right, Mr. X.," he



THE LATE MISS LILLIE BELMORE, FORMERLY OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

said, with one of his fleeting smiles; "Someone gives you leave, *relying on your well-known discretion*." He emphasised the words which I have italicised. I need scarcely say that I was overjoyed at the communication, and that, in order to get my account well in hand, I asked permission to inspect the stage in the Durbar-Room. Major (as he was then) Bigge accompanied me, and almost the first person I encountered was Mr. Clarkson, the eminent costumier and perruquier, to whom I had vainly applied for some information with regard to the dresses before leaving London, and whom I had told we should meet at Osborne. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) were discussing some momentous points of costume when Mr. Clarkson caught sight of me. I could not help smiling at his surprise, nor did I in my telegraphed *précis* forget him, as he wished to be remembered to the public; but as I told him, Someone was the cause of my being present, Mr. Clarkson could only gasp, "Please don't forget me." I did not. The other daily papers were not so pleased as was the Queen's Perruquier.

THE QUEEN'S TRAIN.

On another occasion (writes the same Correspondent), I went down to Aylesbury when the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, visited Baron Rothschild at Waddesdon. For the return journey to Windsor the Queen arrived at the station over an hour late, and it was the only occasion on which I ever saw Her Majesty out of temper, except when she lost her smelling-bottle at Farnborough Station, when about to review the troops at Aldershot. However, at Aylesbury I shared the Royal discomfiture, but I am sure that the Queen did not know that the whole of the Great Western system was upset by her late departure. Consequently, I approached the Chairman of the G.W.R., and asked him if I might travel back to Windsor in the Royal train. He answered, "I should be delighted, only Mr. Charles Fraser will object." I repeated my request to Mr. Fraser, who replied; "I should be very glad, only the officials of the Great Western will object." "In that case," I said, jumping into a compartment, "the matter is settled." Mr. Fraser not only laughed, but supplied myself and my fellow-travellers, who were, I found out, detectives, with refreshments. I made the best of my opportunity, and, indeed, the scene along the railway was unique, because on all the banks there were seated men, women, and children cheering the passage of the train and waving handkerchiefs and flags. About a week after this, I met Sir Henry Ponsonby. He remarked, with his usual smile, "Someone has asked if you were in the train from Aylesbury the other day, and Someone is pleased." So was I at the kindness of Someone in remembering nobody.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Queen Victoria and Cycling—King Edward's Fondness for Motors—The Wheelers of Manchester—American Machines in Scarborough—Children Cycling—“Major” Taylor and his Earnings—The Fate of the Gosling—Free-Wheeling and Cold-Feet.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 30, 5.43; Thursday, 5.45; Friday, Feb. 1, 5.47; Saturday, 5.49; Sunday, 5.50; Monday, 5.52; Tuesday, 5.54.

In regard to cycling, Queen Victoria long entertained very conservative opinions. To put it plainly, she had, for several years, a decided aversion to bicycles. It was not till her own grandchildren took to wheeling that she softened her views. The young Battenbergs are enthusiastic and expert cyclists, and they delighted in doing trick-riding before their grandmamma. Only last summer she presented each of the Battenberg boys with a new bicycle.

Our new King, Edward VII., has always had a kindly word for the cycle. Only once, down at Sandringham, however, did he ever try a ride on a bicycle. It was on a machine belonging to Prince Charles of Denmark. He was not very expert, though, my informant tells me, he enjoyed as much as anybody his difficulty in keeping an upright position. All things considered, the King prefers a tricycle, and frequently he has taken rides about the grounds at Sandringham. Recently, however, his cycling affections have turned rather in the direction of motor-cars. He loves the sensation of whizzing along at a high speed, but prefers that the motive-power be not supplied by himself.

At the beginning of last week, I was in Manchester, and spent part of an evening in the fine Club-house of the Manchester Wheelers. These Northerners can certainly set those of us who live in the South an example. Club life in and about London is in a parlous state, and many Clubs are kept alive only by continuously sending round the hat. For eighteen years the Manchester Wheelers Club has been in existence, and it closed last year with the very respectable sum of about twelve hundred pounds in the bank. Club runs are held once a year—at least, there is an inter-Club meeting, various competitions are arranged, and there is an annual race-meet. A Club journal is issued once a quarter, and on the winter evenings members keep up their fraternity by gathering in the Club-house. We have nothing as good as that in the South. There is no doubt that folks in the South of England lack that verve and brisk go-ahead-ness that is one of the characteristics of the Northerner.

This last week I have been in Scarborough. The weather has been very bad and sloppy, and the roads certainly not ideal. I found the highways in East Yorkshire about as greasy as any in the Kingdom, and my companion and myself had at times to go cautiously to avoid side-slips. But, when the weather was fine and the air crisp, wheeling was a real joy. A morning spin I had in the direction of Whitby braced me like a tonic. You would be surprised at the number of American machines that are to be seen about Scarborough. I asked a dealer

how many he thought there were, and he told me, to his knowledge, there were quite two hundred in the town. I was interested in this, and I made inquiries, with the result I found a very lively satisfaction with their merits. I have experience of machines of both countries, and, although we have had heaps of American rubbish, I have never altered the opinion I came to some years ago, that, for equal money, the American machine is usually better than the British. I don't say this in the presence of Americans; they can tootle their own horn exceedingly well. But isn't there something wrong when a leading English firm of bicycle-manufacturers has to send a number of men over to the United States to learn the process of enamelling?

There is some talk of a Committee of medical men being formed to make a thorough investigation as to the effect cycling has on children. This is advisable. I in no way pretend to look at the matter from an expert point of view, but, regarding it from what I consider a common-sense point of view, I think parents should be very careful in respect to the amount of cycling their children do. Recognising to the full the magnificent exercise cycling is, it is well to watch that youngsters, and especially girls, usually determined enthusiasts, do not overdo it. You have only got to glance casually in the street to see that children frequently ride machines with far too long a reach for them. To a growing child, long rides—and you will hardly ever get the little folks to confess they are tired—are undoubtedly injurious. If this Committee of medical men gets to work, we will hear a good deal as to the physical development of children that cycle much.

It appears to be now definitely settled that “Major” Taylor, the greatest sprinter in the world, is to forsake the United States and give the Europeans an example of what fast riding really is. It was all arranged for this “coloured gentleman” to come over to Paris last year, but he withdrew at the last moment on finding he would be expected to race on Sundays. The “Major” has conscientious objections to defiling the Sabbath by racing. That difficulty has been met, and it is understood he will race in Paris on Easter Monday.

Whit-Monday, and in August, and he is to give several exhibition rides, for which he will receive six hundred pounds. So, being a professional cyclist isn't, after all, such very bad business.

A gentleman named Gosling has been fined for riding on the footpath at Goose Green, East Dulwich. The Goose Green is not a place for the Gosling now.

It would be interesting to have the general opinion of free-wheelers regarding the condition of their toes after a long coast in cold and clammy weather. My own experience is that, under such circumstances, the cold can be positively painful. Riding with a fixed gear, there is no disposition to take advantage of every bit of decline; one pedals on, though, maybe, putting hardly any power into the action. Still, the pedalling keeps the feet warm. But, take a long coast, say, of a mile, on a free-wheeler, and very soon you feel the winter air cutting your feet like a knife. Many a time, after a lengthened free-wheel coast, I have felt a distinct chill run through me.

J. F. F.



MISS GRANVILLE WITH HER CYCLE. THIS CELEBRATED ACTRESS WILL BE SEEN IN “THE AWAKENING,” AT THE ST. JAMES’S, IN THE PART OF MISS PRESCOTT.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ROYALTY AND THE TURF.

Royal Ascot. Our beloved Queen Victoria often attended race-meetings when the Prince Consort was alive, and the State processions to Ascot in the 'forties were very big functions. Although the Queen did not go to Ascot after the death of her husband, I could never help noticing that the servants at Windsor Castle were allowed to visit the meeting each year, and that the accommodation provided for their comfort was of the best. As the majority of visitors to



GERMAN PICTORIAL POST-CARD: WENDISH DISTRICT IN WINTER.

Ascot might have noticed, the Royal servants always watch the racing from the top of the Royal Stand, which is, I should say, the best place on the course to get a good view of the running and of the finish; so that, in the case where Royal personages have a voice in the arrangements for a race-meeting, they take care that their servants are able to see the sport as well as themselves. For many years past, the luncheons for the Royal visitors to Ascot have been prepared in the Royal kitchen at Windsor Castle, although I cannot recall a single year when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales stayed at Windsor Castle for the meeting on the Royal Heath, and, I may add, it is very many years since a single member of the Royal Family attended a meet of the Buckhounds.

Mourning. During the time the Court is in mourning the attendance of the Upper Ten at race-meetings will be very limited, and I predict another bad season for shareholders in racecourse companies. The War played sad havoc with the gates last year, and now the national mourning will reduce the takings to a minimum. However, the Club meetings still have their subscriptions to fall back on, and meetings like Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, Gatwick, and one or two others will get the revenue whether the nobility attend them or not. It is the little meetings that will suffer most from the absence of those people who take Club-enclosure tickets for the day. The refreshment contractors will be the biggest losers, as they will have to provide for a crowd, only to find in many instances most of the food left on their hands. Later in the season, say, at Ascot—or, at least, at Goodwood—there should be good attendances; but at the early spring meetings I am afraid we shall look in vain for big crowds. In the meantime, the price of racecourse shares may go down, only to rise again when the takings increase.

The Jockey Club. His Majesty the King of England is a member of the Jockey Club. So are the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. The King of the Belgians is an honorary member of the Club; so are Count Elemer Batthyany, Comte de Berteux, Prince d'Arenberg, M. Henri Delamarre, Count Lehndorff, and Count Tassels Festetics. Of the fifty-eight English noblemen and gentlemen who are members of the Club, several do not own any race-horses but are good judges of horseflesh. Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, is of their number. The Duke of Richmond and his son, the Earl of March, are not owners of horses, though they run the Goodwood Meeting, which is, I should say, one of the most attractive fixtures of the year; but I am told it does not pay so well as it did once. The Earl of Ilchester has a half-share in a horse in Darling's stable, but his neighbour, the Earl of Cork, is not an owner. Of the other members, Mr. H. Chaplin, Lord Hastings, Lord Gerard, Lord Zetland, and Lord Rendelsham have reduced their studs almost to vanishing-point, while the Earl of Coventry prefers keeping jumpers to flat-racers. The Earl of Rosebery has only one horse in training, but he has some promising yearlings that will carry his colours in 1902.

The Spring Handicaps. Nothing would be gained by discussing the Spring Handicaps until the acceptances have appeared, and even then it would be necessary to find out the condition of the horses before pronouncing an opinion as to their chances. The handicappers have done their work well, and I expect we shall get long lists of quotations after next week. It is worthy of note that the Continental list men tried to curtail their prices this year, with

the result that they did little or no business. They offered no more than 14 to 1 on the Field for the Lincoln Handicap, and 12 to 1 on the Field for the Grand National. Seeing that 40 to 1 on the Field for the Lincoln and 33 to 1 for the Grand National were on offer in London up to the day of the publication of the weights, I do not well see how our Continental friends could expect to do business. Little punters are ill-advised when they go to the trouble of buying Post Office Orders and sending them to the Continent, only to get half the odds they could obtain at their own doors. Of course, they would have to open accounts with commission agents on this side for the bets to be legal.

Since '37.

It is wonderful how the sporting world has moved on since Queen Victoria ascended the Throne in 1837. In that year golf was unknown south of the Tweed; cycling, except on the hobby-horse, had not come into fashion. By-the-bye, the late Lord Sherbrooke, better known as "Mr. Robert Lowe," had arranged an interview to give me his experiences on a race on the hobby-horse against the Brighton Coach just before his last illness, and I have ever since regretted that I did not get the details. Football was not indulged in in 1837; cricket was played, but such cricket! Steeple-chases were ridden in top-hats and smock-frocks, billiards was not introduced, lawn-tennis was not discovered, and, seemingly, the cock-pit, the rat-pit, the card-table, and the prize-ring formed the chief amusements of the people. True, horse-racing was in full swing, but two races per day was considered at many places to be a full dish. The horses had to be carted or walked to and from the courses, and the results of the races were not known in the country districts until a week after they had been run. Now, if a race is started at Manchester at one o'clock, the "Off" is printed on the tape in the London Clubs a minute later!

CAPTAIN COE.

WINTER IN THE SPREEWALD.

THREE can be but few old-world spots on the earth (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) more picturesque and quaint than the Spreewald, which is situated about two hours away from this city by train. There, amidst birch-woods, vast stretches of flat, marshy country can be seen, at this time of year a great expanse of ice, intersected by haystacks and cottages, homesteads and farms. This is the home of the Wends—high-cheeked, strong-looking descendants of the historic valiant race of hardy fighters. Of particular interest at this time of year is this neighbourhood, with its queerly dressed and strange-tongued inhabitants. Leaving the train at a little station called Lübbenau, the eager searcher after novelty puts on his skates at the side of the railway-line, and, hiring one of the villagers as a guide, proceeds to skate up the dykes and along the meadows, past villages and farms galore. If he is acquainted with the English Fen-country, he will see much that reminds him of the Peterborough and Lincoln districts; and if he is himself a Fen skater, he will appreciate to the full the delight and fascination of speeding along for miles, without let or hindrance, along limitless stretches of virgin ice.

The women there all skate to market, the children skate to school, and the men skate to their work. As you swing along the broad ice-way, you see enormous loads of straw on sledges pushed by sturdy farmers walking on spiked boots, helping themselves now and then with their long, iron-spiked alpenstocks. A little farther on, a great, strapping youth appears pushing in a little sledge his aged mother, a dear old dame with enormous black-ribboned Wendish cap, and long, bony, high-cheeked face. Behind them scuds along a younger brother, likewise pushing a bright-green wooden sledge containing an odd mixture indeed—in front is the baby, behind about fifty briquettes of coal, and, surmounting a pile of wood in the centre, four or five large country-loaves of bread.



GERMAN PICTORIAL POST-CARD: THIS IS AN EXCELLENT REPRESENTATION OF WHAT THE SPREEWALD LOOKS LIKE JUST NOW.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

DEEPLY felt, wide-spread sorrow is the keynote of the world's mood to-day for the loss of a Queen whose public and private life were alike examples of everything great and good. Nowadays, the divinity that doth hedge about a King is conspicuous in absence when unaccompanied by the kingly qualities that should



[Copyright.]

A DESIGN FOR CLOTH AND CRÈPE.

adorn his high estate. Even the children of an ancient monarchical Government have learnt to think for themselves, and Tudor autocrats, could they have revisited glimpses of Victorian moons, would have stood amazed at the independent tone of thought held by descendants of the men whose backs bent low before them. In this more than all else is the complete Sovereignty of that beloved Monarch who has passed away visible to the thinking mind. Victoria the Good reigned in the hearts of her people, as on her Throne, by her stainless life, her uncompromising code of virtue, the high example of her humble faith in an age of scepticism, her lofty ideal and practice of duty in times when the vices of a Henry VIII., an Elizabeth, or a George IV. would have found little favour with a discerning people long emancipated from hereditary slavishness. Nor can any epitaph more fitly sum up a life lived in the sight and service of God than that which Tennyson nobly wrote of a noble mistress—

Her Court was pure, her life serene.
God gave her peace; her land reposèd.
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

I think it is with feelings of personal loss that each one of us has set about the sombre business of choosing mourning-garments this past week. So accustomed have we all been to think of our good Queen transacting affairs of State in the interests of her people, and living out

her well-ordered life either at Osborne, Balmoral, or Windsor, that it is difficult to realise her place will know her no more, and that another order in which her name will remain only a cherished memory must arise. Yet so it is, and already we turn to the inevitable exigencies of life and don black garments for this sad and unfamiliar situation. Naturally, social gatherings will not be thought of for many months to come, and not alone in this country, but in others of far-away fellow-subjects belonging alike to the dominion "over which the sun never sets," sad-coloured garments will be the only wear of the majority. So suddenly has this melancholy event happened, too, as to find our unpreparedness doubly unprepared, and dressmakers are working night and day to get their clients into hastily ordered mourning-clothes, in contradistinction to the gaily hued chiffons which, up to a few days before, were in preparation for Egypt, the Riviera, and other winter-resorts to which people were hastening South. The Dublin Season, about to begin with promise in a few weeks, will be the first to feel the sad effects of universal mourning, and in a lesser degree the spring-resorts more remote will experience a similar loss. On the Riviera there will be many besides the deceased Queen's subjects who will mourn a venerable figure and kindly presence that in late years became a welcome event of succeeding spring-times, while in Ireland, where the last holiday of a hard-working life was taken, there will be loyal memories kept green in many hearts of the misunderstandings bridged over and the kindly feelings sown broadcast by aged



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FOR PRESENT WEAR.

hands now laid to rest for ever, which Irishmen, innately chivalrous as they are, whatever their political denomination, will warmly remember.

Many are the conjectures as to where the King will live in town and country. At Sandringham, I hear also, apprehensions are entertained that Royal visits will be fewer and shorter than when a comparative freedom was the portion of the then Heir-Apparent. It was but quite recently, by the way, that the buildings on the estate, including

Sandringham House and York Cottage, were installed with the new Welsbach incandescent light. Gas had not been previously used in the Royal apartments until the introduction of the silk-shaded "Surprise" pendants, which, capable of being moved in any direction, are so convenient and ornamental that they took the Royal fancy, and were forthwith ordered. It is calculated that, by using one of these new burners, which consumes only four feet of gas per hour, a room eighteen feet by fourteen feet can be brilliantly lighted. The adoption of the easily moved "Surprise" pendant raises gas, at a bound, to the aesthetic possibilities of electric-light, while being very much more economical and (with the Welsbach burner in question) quite as clean.

There is always a certain charm about luxurious interiors, whether one sees only the pictured presentment or the cheerful reality, and it is freely admitted that one's attitude towards life is greatly influenced by immediate surroundings, whether they take, *par exemple*, the aesthetic standpoint of a charming Adams room like this shown, or the unbeautiful discomfort of a seaside lodging. To live amidst brocaded walls and Aubusson carpets is not, indeed, given to all; but, in this present renaissance of art, no one need live with a tasteless environment,

THE ROYAL CROWN.

The beautiful crown which our late Queen wore so comparatively rarely is a most exquisite jewel, weighing only some three pounds, and composed of gem-studded hoops of silver lightly stitched on a cap of Royal-blue velvet, while above the silver hoops is a ball studded with white brilliants and surmounted by a Maltese diamond cross. Nowadays, it is odd to think that the design for the Queen's crown was actually put up to public competition, the Royal Jewellers offering a prize of £100, but the name of the fortunate man or woman who won the prize is not on record. The Queen's crown is exceedingly becoming, and on more than one occasion Her Majesty was asked to allow it to be copied by those of her foreign descendants who are entitled to wear the emblem of Royalty.

The Brothers Paul and Victor Marqueritte, whose very striking novel, "The Disaster," appeared in translation a year or so ago, have just published a sequel, "Les Tronçons du Glaive." The book is creating great interest in France, especially on account of the heroic part Gambetta is made to play in its pages. The authors are convinced that,



A GRACEFUL INTERIOR WHICH MAY BE ACQUIRED ON MESSRS. NORMAN AND STACEY'S INSTALMENT PLAN.

and, amongst many exponents of the House Beautiful, Messrs. Norman and Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street, stand forth prominently in public regard. Their instalment plan—first inaugurated by this firm, and now adopted by leading houses in other businesses—is the most liberal on record. A free insurance is effected on the life of anyone purchasing furniture, and, should he or she die before all the payments have been made, not alone does the furniture become the property of the survivors, but all previous payments made are returned to them by Messrs. Norman and Stacey in full. Moderation in price is, moreover, a first rule in their establishments, and to this advantage is added a uniformly high quality in linen, plate, and all other "accoutrements" of the flat or house. The enormous advantage of furnishing under such conditions on the instalment plan is at once apparent, and, indeed, Messrs. Norman and Stacey's ever-widening roll-call of clients is the best justification of their liberal enterprise. Besides the ordinary stock of highly finished furniture which their warehouses contain, Messrs. Norman and Stacey are at the present moment exploiting beautiful examples of Old English periods—Chippendale, Adams, and Sheraton chiefly. These are marked at sale prices, and should be seen by bargain-hunting collectors, as they are being shown at less than half West-End prices, and are on that account alone well worth a visit to Queen Victoria Street.

SYBIL.

Is Professor Treves contemplating a sequel to his "Tale of a Field Hospital"? I hear from a friend that his services have lately been much in demand at a Swiss holiday-resort where the end of a steep toboggan-run was at times distinctly reminiscent of a "field hospital."

if Gambetta's advice had been followed, France would not only have been able to make a longer and better resistance, but finally to turn the whole tide of events and rout the invaders.

M. Thiers is the villain of the book.

Reproduced herewith is a fine specimen of English silver in the form of a Loving-Cup, presented by the Rev. C. Darby Reade, Alderman of Kensington, to the Corporation of that Borough. The work, which was entrusted to the well-known firm of Mappin Bros., of 220, Regent Street, and 66, Cheapside, is very graceful and artistic in appearance, and well worthy their high repute in this special branch of their trade.



LOVING-CUP PRESENTED TO THE CORPORATION OF KENSINGTON.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 12.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE death of the Queen was discounted, during the days prior to the sad event, to such an extent that Consols were marked as low as 95 $\frac{1}{2}$; but since then, principally because of the probable reduction of the Bank Rate, there has been a slight revival. As far as business is concerned, there is practically none, nor is there likely to be much until the end of the Globe mischief is known, for, as things now stand, brokers and dealers alike are afraid to do business even with people a few weeks ago reputed to be millionaires, and the coming Settlement is looked forward to with more than common distrust.

The Bank has acquired some considerable control of the Money Market, and the effect of the 5 per cent. rate has made itself apparent in the last return.

In Foreign stocks, Transvaal 5 per cent. and the 4 per cent. Railway bonds have both improved on rumoured preparations by the British Government for taking over the debts of the late South African Republic, and Chinese have been a stronger market. The 1895 gold bonds, yielding 6 per cent., appear by no means a bad purchase at 102.

Almost the only attempt at an active corner in the Stock Exchange is the West African section, but there are sure to be difficulties in the carry-over to damp its ardour. The whole Jungle business is the wildest speculation, hardly anybody knowing—or, for that matter, caring—what the various companies possess, or whether they possess anything at all. We strongly urge our readers who feel an inward longing to dabble in this direction to take profits wherever and whenever they can get them, and to hold nothing for results. To follow any other course will mean months, perhaps years, of weary waiting, and then, in five cases out of six, bitter disappointment.

HOME RAILS.

The dividend declarations made, so far, in the Home Railway Market have caused but trifling differences in the price-list of that department. This is due, of course, to the fact that the bad accounts made by the principal lines have all been discounted long since, and, knowing the worst, the market immediately began to wonder whether next July's figures would not very likely compensate to some extent for the present poor showings. The North-Eastern dividend is distinctly good, the 7 per cent. comparing with 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ of a year ago, and we are glad to see that Berwicks, which we have consistently recommended, are to suffer so slightly. On the announcement, the stock rose nearly 2 points, and now stands at a little over 170, at which it is, we think, as good an investment as anything in the Home Railway Market. The Southern group, as everybody knew must be the case, has come off remarkably ill, the dividends being passed on Chatham Seconds and Dover "A." Doras marked the occasion by dipping under the lowest price touched last year. Brighton "A" has been sustained by the multitude of bears, but the dividend is a very poor one, and at the present price the return per cent. is something gilt-edged. We should strongly advise those who bought the stock on our suggestion to take their profits. Judging from the reports that have, so far, appeared, the companies' coal-bills are not so heavy as it was feared they would be, but the increased expenses all round are certainly alarming enough, and the need for a general reform in expenditure is more pressing than ever.

THE FINANCE OF THE TUBES.

We doubt whether the most ardent supporter of Electrical Railways will be altogether satisfied with the lately issued reports of the companies operating in the Metropolis. Certainly the most encouraging feature in the Railway reports is that contained in the statement of the Metropolitan, not itself an electrically worked line yet. There the Directors speak of the severe competition of the "Twopenny Tube," and from that report Central London shareholders plucked up fresh heart of grace, only to be disappointed when their own Board published their report. This shows earnings sufficient to pay a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, and, translated more fully, means that the Deferred half-shares of the company will receive a paltry one per cent. for the first five months' working of the line. Expenses work out to about 60 per cent., half as much again as was originally estimated. Still, the line is yet in its babyhood, and better results may be looked for next July.

Turning to an older-established Electrical Railway concern, we find the City and South London reducing its dividend to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the decrease being represented by the fraction. Over five million passengers were carried during the six months, and the traffic-receipts show an increase; but all the increment has gone in increased expenses, due, the

Directors declare, to the longer mileage run by the trains and the additional cost of fuel. In spite of the first reason, the policy of extension is being pressed in a most enterprising fashion, and the line may, we suppose, be considered as still in the "growing" state. Shareholders will be thankful when it grows more remunerative.

The third important Electrical Railway in London, the Waterloo and City, is in possession of what amounts to a guarantee from the London and South-Western, whereby 3 per cent. is secured to proprietors. This is the rate to be paid once more for the past half-year, and what will probably be continued for at least another half-decade, without any increase or decrease.

Active progress is being made with the Great Northern and City, but no indication is furnished as to when the line may be expected to open. The 4 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares of £10 each, with £9 paid up, stand at 8, and there is no market in them. Nor is there in Baker Street and Waterloo shares, although the nominal price is supposed to be between £5 and £8 per fully paid £10 share.

WESTRALIANS OR RHODESIANS?

The successive slumps that have fallen upon the Westralian and Rhodesian Markets are both attributed to the "trouble" still existent over the London and Globe collapse. The former department, we are bound to admit, is in a particularly shaky condition, and we shall be surprised at nothing which happens there. Drastic as the shake-out has been, there may be a still further drop, and then will come the buyer's opportunity. Doubtless there are many things remarkably cheap to-day. We should imagine, for instance, that Perseverance are decidedly lower than the intrinsic value of the shares warrants. Associated, too, can hardly be dear, and even Lake Views, approaching five, should be worth as much as that, anyway. The purchaser with money he can lock up

might fairly buy such shares as those we have named, but he must be prepared to see the market break away before it recovers itself. As we have pointed out on previous occasions, nobody can possibly rely upon getting in at the bottom or out at the top, and the public must be content to buy when prices are undeservedly flat, willing to wait the time when more normal conditions restore values to their truer levels.

Rhodesians are also suffering from the wretched state of the West Australian Market. Behind them is none of the solid financial backing boasted by the Kaffir Circus, and, when lines of shares are thrown upon a market already tending to weakness, a condition of chaos results. In some of the best Rhodesians even there has been next to no market for days. To deal has become almost impossible if the number of shares

exceeds two or three hundred. The latest returns are by no means bad, and the time must come when the Rhodesian department will smile again.

Saturday, Jan. 26, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. J.—We have examined the record at Somerset House. The reconstructed company has not been wound up, but the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies wrote at the end of last year to ask if business was being carried on, and the letter has been returned through the Dead Letter Office, marked "Firm gone away; no address." The last return is dated July 13, 1898, and at that time only seven shares had been taken up. Any shareholder could get a compulsory order and have the whole matter investigated, but it would cost twenty or thirty pounds.

CESTRIA.—The Bank shares should continue to do well, but, of course, in the cases of China and South Africa, there are risks. We should feel inclined to take a bit out of each of the two we have indicated, and buy Bank of Australasia with the money. With this class of share you would be well advised to neglect the ordinary market fluctuations, and regard the money as permanently invested.

A. J. W.—The company is a most flourishing concern, and, if you want a good Industrial, subject to the risks of trade—that is, good and bad years—you might buy the shares. It has several secret processes, but they are not things to stand by—there is always the risk of something better being discovered.

ALPHA.—See this week's Notes.

MAC.—The company appears, from its published reports, to be sound; but the 6 per cent. Preference shares are at a discount, which looks as if the business was of a somewhat speculative nature, or generally thought to be so.

Nobody (Goole).—No. 1 is a good business, but not the sort of thing we should care to hold, being capitalised at full value. The other three are very speculative, and we advise you to let them alone.

H. S.—Our Broken Hill Correspondent has a very good opinion of this mine, as you would know if you had read his letters, published in our columns about once a month. We are holders of shares. The meetings are held in London, and one is due about next October. The Directors are good men. As a gamble, the shares are good enough.

An important engineering company, with a capital of £50,000, entitled James Hodgkinson, Limited, will shortly be placed before the public by Messrs. Byrne and Co., Limited, who have registered the company.



THE POST OFFICE, KALGOORLIE.

AFFECTION OF THE FRENCH FOR THE QUEEN.

BY "THE SKETCH" PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE QUEEN was loved in France; loved deeply. She was to the French mother and wife all that was good, pure, and womanly. I remember on one occasion, when I was in the neighbourhood of Treport, turning into a cottage and asking for a glass of water. I saw there the portrait of the Queen; and the simple peasant assured me that she had put it up to give to her children a perfect ideal of a perfect woman. It is possibly natural that she should have been misunderstood. One day, the French find that they are governed by a tanner, like Félix Faure, and, before the warmth is out of his body, by a barrister like Loubet. Forty-eight hours is all that is allowed between the "Roi est mort" and the "Vive le roi!" In heart, the French, who are the most aristocratic nation in the world, have looked on and wondered, and envied England's possession of the most Sovereign lady that ever graced a Throne. And when the end came, there was a gloom that almost equalled that which prevailed in London. Again and again, the newsboys, who, by the *Constans* law, are prevented from crying any news, rushed through the streets like so many ravens, shouting "Mort! Mort!! Mort!!!"; but we were all too young to believe it possible that she who was mother when the world were children could die. A stupid illusion, if you like; but when an Irishman came to me and said on Monday—and he has been associated with every Hibernian movement—"By God! O'Connell said he could raise a hundred thousand men to defend her when she mounted the Throne. All I have to say"—and this with a thick and tear-strewn brogue—"is that the Almighty may take the years off my life that remain and give them to the Queen." It was beautiful in its savage sentiment. I assure you that, when doubt was out of all question and the fatal truth was recorded at the Embassy, there was hardly a dry eye in the crowd. The heart of Paris ceased to throb. And they were courteous. In the cafés where there are orchestras, the most favoured English tunes were played, not in any noisy or jocund form, but in the sad strains that suggested a *leit motif*. It was a beautiful tribute to a race that had lost its mother that was paid on all sides.

IDOLISED BY NICE.

Her Majesty—the Countess of Balmoral when she visited France—was idolised by the inhabitants round Nice, Villefranche, Cimiez, and so forth. In her mind—and I may have told it before in these columns, for I was at Nice at the time—the automobile was destined to be the future curse of quietude. Evil-smelling and noisy machines frightened her horses, and it was her pride to have the finest horses and probably the most ramshackle carriage in Nice. It is permissible to remember a little, even on so sad an occasion. Lord Salisbury had come down to visit the Queen at Cimiez. He strolled up to the gaming-rooms at Monte Carlo afterwards, smothered in dust, and Gustave (I think it was Gustave) pointed out to him that he was too dusty to enter. His Lordship bowed and retired. When, a few minutes later, it was notified to Blane the man to whom he had refused admission, attendants were sent in all directions to find the Prime Minister and apologise. His Lordship told the story to Her Majesty afterwards, and I heard that, breaking into a merry laugh, she said, "Really, my Lord, you do want a new silk-hat." I mention this little incident because it only instances how human she was, and his Lordship enjoyed the joke. She gloried in the simplicity of the French life. I heard on one occasion that she had visited a little hostelry and had taken a cup of tea on the terrasse. "The lady wanted to see the Queen go past, I fancy; but Her Majesty was not out yesterday," said the hostess. That was all, but she was surprised that the lady, who, as she explained, was evidently an American, had given pence to the little kids that had come round to sing as they left the school-house. She was loved and adored on the Littoral. When some wretched parvenu went to the hotel-keeper at her favoured hotel at Cimiez and told him that he had promised his wife that they should pass the honeymoon in Her Majesty's *appartement*, he was flung out of the hotel without reply. These are perfectly dislocated notes; but I remember so much of Her Majesty that I could keep on for hours. On one occasion, in Nice, she passed an English bar and saw the English standard flowing—the English Standard, not the Union Jack—and in her kindly hearted way she said, "I did not know that I slept in that tavern last night. And yet the Royal Standard can fly only over a Royal residence." And, again, by hazard, the Queen drank a cup of exceptionally good coffee. She said at once, "These English grocers at Nice shall in future supply me with coffee," and till her death that order prevailed; and if the Queen could have only seen the care—the positive medical nicety—that was employed, she would have in her noble heart felt the happier. I have seen the jockeys down for the race-season obeying orders like heroes when it was the question of fetching one or more bits of charcoal to roast the coffee to its very nicety. It was a slight tribute, if you like; but the King of to-day loves the Turf, and probably the Queen never knew the simple and unobtrusive love that all Englishmen abroad had for her. I paraphrase Tennyson, your Majesty: "God's finger has touched you, and you sleep"; but among all your citizens were there none more loyal and saddened than those in Paris.

THE KING.

It is many years ago—thirteen, I think—when I, for the first time, saw the Prince—it is hard to say "King"—enter the Hippodrome with the Duke of Clarence. The spectacle was in full swing; but the moment the Royal party entered their box, the orchestra received the signal,

and, with the audience on foot and bareheaded, ringing cheers were given for His Majesty, while the band played "God Bless the Prince of Wales." In every way His Majesty is loved by the French people. They respect him as a splendid sportsman—and that goes a longer way with most Frenchmen than the English imagine; they know him to be a fine-art connoisseur; they appreciate his qualities as a student of the theatre; in fact, they see in him the worthy and glorious successor of a woman to whom glory had become a mere byword.

"THE SKETCH" M.P.

KING AND COMMONS.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone died, the Commons were exceedingly impressive. No assembly, on the other hand, could have received the news of a Sovereign's death with less dignity than the House of Commons when it met to swear allegiance to King Edward. It was not till the third day that the House became vocal. At the first sitting, the Speaker merely uttered two formal sentences out of the book of precedents. But on Friday, Parliament rose to the occasion. Nothing could have been better than the impressive and sincere eulogiums of the late Queen pronounced in the Lords by the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Kimberley, and the Primate, and in the Commons by Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Equally apt were the tributes to the King.

PRINCES AND PEERS.

The Lords, as a rule, do things better than the Commons. Peeresses in the Gallery could have found no fault with the manner in which their husbands took the oath. They were decorous and dignified. "Bobs," who was among the number, seemed shy, and looked glad when somebody drew him into conversation. When chatting he was bright and cheery. The two Royal Dukes, the King's son and brother, swore allegiance and signed the Roll. The Lord Chancellor rose from the Woolsack to shake hands with them, but they did not converse with him. Apparently they did not exchange a word with anybody. They were obviously under the influence of deep emotion and could not trust themselves.

KING AND STATESMEN.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Balfour was the statesman who had the first communication with the new King. Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was born in 1779. It was he who coached the Queen in her State duties, and he died in the same year in which the present First Lord of the Treasury came into the world. King Edward's political proclivities, if he has any, are unknown. He showed his fitness to succeed his mother by holding aloof from faction. No Party could claim him. He had great admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery is honoured with his friendship, while he shows deep respect and consideration for Lord Salisbury. It is believed that Mr. Chamberlain enjoys his favour.

"TOBY'S" NEW BOX.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, although out of the *Daily News* Staff under its new régime, will continue to occupy a front-box in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons. He has been appointed as the sketch-writer for the *Daily Telegraph*. This is a post which was held, in some recent years, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Mr. Lucy's new box is next to his old one, so that members will find the familiar face in the same corner.

THE QUEEN'S BIOGRAPHER.

It has been stated, apparently with some show of authority, that Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., who wrote the admirable Life of the Prince Consort, and who was a personal friend of Her late Majesty, would become the biographer of Queen Victoria. This report, however, I am assured, is purely imaginative. Even if Sir Theodore were asked to write a Life of the departed Sovereign, he might well shrink at his great age (eighty-five) from undertaking so colossal a task as a History of the Reign of Victoria, for that is what her Biography would really be.

THE QUEEN AND THOMAS CARLYLE.

In 1869, Thomas Carlyle wrote a letter to his sister, Mrs. Aitken, which described a meeting he had with the Queen. It did not appear in Froude's biography, but was afterwards published in the *Athenaeum*, and the narrative is best given in his own words. Carlyle was then in his seventy-fourth year—

"Her Majesty, punctual to the minute, glided in, escorted by her Dame-in-Waiting (a Duchess-Dowager of Atholl), and by the Princess Louise, decidedly a very pretty young lady, and clever too, as I found out in talking to her afterwards. The Queen came softly forward, a kindly little smile on her face, gently shook hands with all the three women, gently acknowledged with a nod the silent bows of us male monsters, and directly, in her presence, everyone was at ease again. She is a comely little lady, with a pair of kind, clear, and intelligent grey eyes, still looks almost young (in spite of one broad wrinkle which shows on each cheek occasionally), is still plump, has a fine, low voice, soft in her whole manner, is melodiously perfect. It is impossible to imagine a politer little woman; nothing the least imperious, all gentle, all sincere-looking, unembarrassing, rather attractive; even makes you feel, too (if you have any sense in you), that she is Queen." Then she went forward and had a word or two with each. To Carlyle, it was, "Sorry you did not see my daughter" (Princess of Prussia). To Browning, "Are you writing anything?" Carlyle was allowed to sit in speaking with Her Majesty, and the conversation included talk about Dumfries, Carlisle, Border Ballads, and Glasgow. On leaving, she "sailed out as if moving on skates, and bending her head to us with a smile."